

The Sketch

No. 747.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE NEW MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR: MISS LILY ELSIE, WHO IS TO PLAY THE CHIEF PART
IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S.

The presentation of "The Merry Widow" will introduce a new leading lady to the London musical-comedy stage. We use the term "new leading lady" advisedly, for the Daly production will mark Miss Elsie's first appearance in London as chief "star," although she created the part of Lally in "The New Aladdin," and played it until Miss Gertie Millar was able to take it up, and appeared with success in "The Chinese Honeymoon," "Lady Madcap," "The Little Michus," "The Little Cherub," and "See-See."

Photograph by the Rotary Photograph Co.

"STEP THIS WAY, PLEASE, MADAM": ROYAL TRADESMEN.



1. PRINCE FRIEDRICH OF WIED, DIRECTOR OF A DELICATESSEN FACTORY.
2. PRINCE LEOPOLD IV. OF LIPPE, RETAILER OF EGGS AND BRICKS.
3. PRINCE JOHANN GEORG OF SAXONY, MANUFACTURER OF SOAP.
4. PRINCE ALBRECHT OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, TRADER IN TIMBER.
5. PRINCE CHARLES OF URACH, DIRECTOR OF A SILK FACTORY.

6. THE GRAND DUKE WILHELM OF SAXE-WEIMAR, DEALER IN MEAT, CANDLES, BOOTS, HOSIERY, GLASS, AND FURNITURE CREAM.
7. DUKE LEOPOLD FRIEDRICH II. OF ANHALT, DEALER IN COAL.
8. PRINCE ARNULF OF BAVARIA, OWNER OF A CHAMPAGNE.
9. PRINCE MAXIMILIAN EGON OF FÜRSTENBERG, BREWER.
10. DUKE ULRICH OF WÜRTEMBERG, DEALER IN CAKES AND OATMEAL, AND MAKER OF "HOHENLOHE CORSETS."

(See Special Article on page 192.)



FIVE-and-a-quarter million pounds sterling is the sum London pays every year for the pleasure of seeing its chimneys smoke. Most people would be inclined to discredit the fact that so much money is wasted every year, but the statement is made on the authority of an expert, the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell, whose book, "London Fog and Smoke," in spite of its obscuring title, throws an illuminating light on a subject which is apt to be regarded as being deficient in interest merely because it is even less "modestly" considered than Hamlet considered the noble dust of Alexander, until he imagined it stopping a bunghole.

The reports of the various insurance offices show that the fires caused by sooty chimneys alone involve a yearly loss of £2,000,000; while the gas and electric light companies prove that a foggy day increases the expenditure for artificial light in public places by £7000.

This fog is almost entirely due to smoke, but the major part of that smoke is not, as might be imagined, due to factories but to private dwelling-houses, which are sinners to the extent of some three-quarters of the nuisance.

To remove the dirt the fog and smoke together cause is surely underrated at a cost of a halfpenny a day for each individual, if, in addition to personal washing, are included such items as the extra cost of cleaning curtains, carpets, blinds, and other fabrics, repainting the houses during that epidemic of spring cleaning through which the city has been, and is still passing, extra body-linen washing and window-cleaning, damage to wall-papers and ornaments, as well as the extra gas which is burnt because the sun's rays are obscured, and the extra coal which is consumed for warming purposes. Yet this unconsidered halfpenny gives a total of over £3,000,000 a year.

There are, however, other items which cannot be set down with so much certainty, and, therefore, have no place in the city's smoke-bill. Among them are the deterioration of the stonework of our buildings, the damage to pictures, and last, but by no means least—though often least considered—to human life. People who live in smoke-infested cities get soot into their lungs, which, in consequence, become black, and must of necessity lose something of their strength.

Some idea of the millions wasted in the kingdom through smoke alone is furnished by the Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies. We burn about one hundred and fifty million tons of coal every year throughout the country, yet the same practical result could be obtained by a hundred million tons if all the available heat in the coal were



LONDON AS IT MIGHT BE: SMOKELESS AND CLEAN.

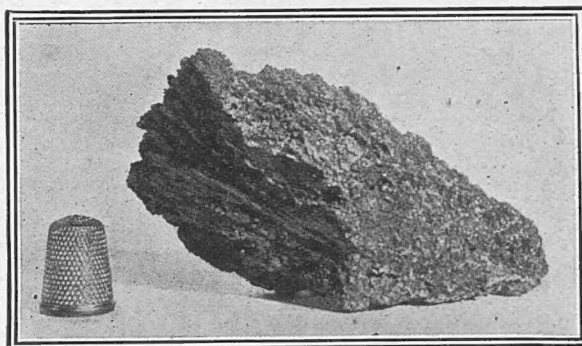
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

utilised, instead of so much being allowed to go to waste up the chimney, as is done at present. In other words, the national coal-bill might be reduced by a third, and when that saving would be fifty million tons, and the cost of that enormous quantity of fuel, it is worth considering.

Although the average householder grumbles at the extortion of his coal-merchant, he is, apparently, too fond of him to follow the example of certain well-known firms and make any change in the wasteful grates he uses.

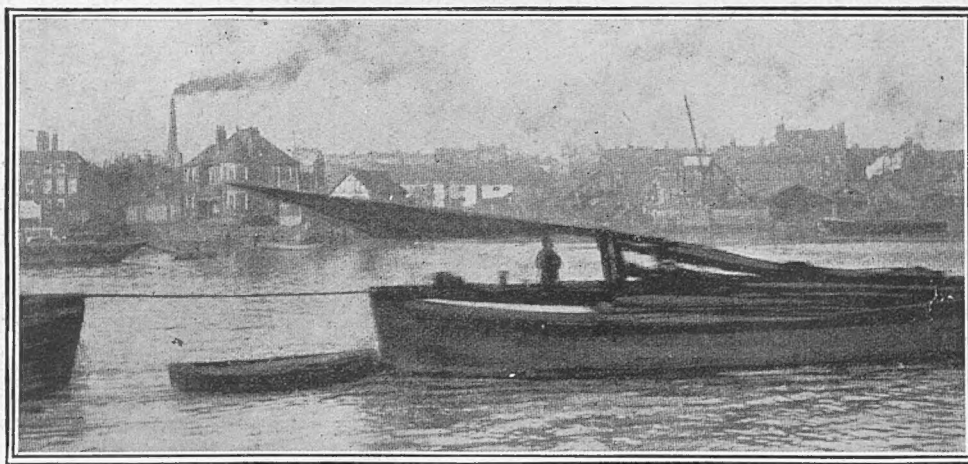
Now, however, without the expense of changing his grates, he is to be saved from himself by the discovery of one of the geniuses whose mission in life seems to be to help those who will not help themselves. This is Mr. Thomas Parker, one of our most distinguished inventors and engineers, to whom the work of electrifying the Metropolitan Railway, and incidentally cleaning that Augean stable of its smoke, its noxious gases, and its dirt was entrusted. He has discovered a new method of treating coal, which removes from it all its smoke-producing elements and, in return, bestows on it certain properties which every householder who groans under the expense of his coal-bill will welcome with delight. This new substance is called Coalite. The precise method of manufacture appears to be a secret, but it seems that the coal is distilled at a low temperature, with the result that, without overheating the carbon, the smoke-producing matter is removed. In effect, then, Coalite is an improved coal, and it lights more easily; and as the hydrocarbons are not broken down in the process of manufacture, a much larger quantity of valuable liquid by-products is derived than has hitherto been obtained, and a gas which is much richer than ordinary gas.

And it may be remarked, in parenthesis, that the treatment of coal so as to produce primarily not coke, but an ideal domestic fuel and by-products of the highest value, marks a scientific achievement of the greatest public benefit. Coalite is not more expensive than good coal, but it is even less costly than the best; yet it gives out about three times as much heat as ordinary coal, and burns much longer, so that the quantity required is less than a third the quantity of coal to produce a similar result. Giving off no smoke, it deposits no soot, and therefore dispenses with the expense of chimney-sweeps, to say nothing of the discomfort of smoky rooms should the wind blow down the chimney. It leaves no ash, and therefore saves much labour in house-cleaning, while its use becomes general—as, sooner or later with all these advantages it must—the reproach among cities will be removed from London, and it will be revealed in its true light as the most beautiful city on earth.



SOLIDIFIED SMOKE: SMOKE DEPOSIT FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

By kind permission of Professor A. H. Church.

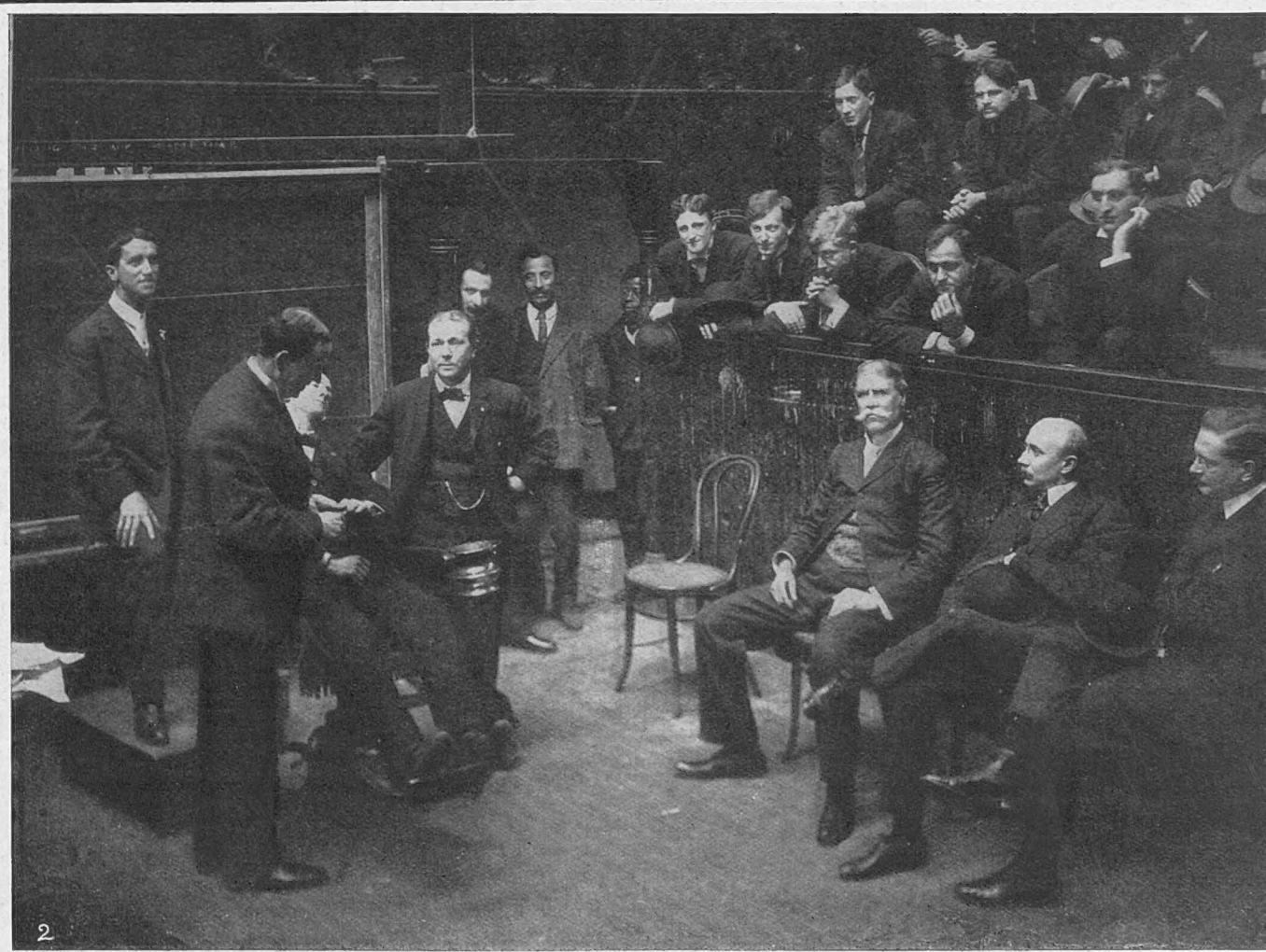
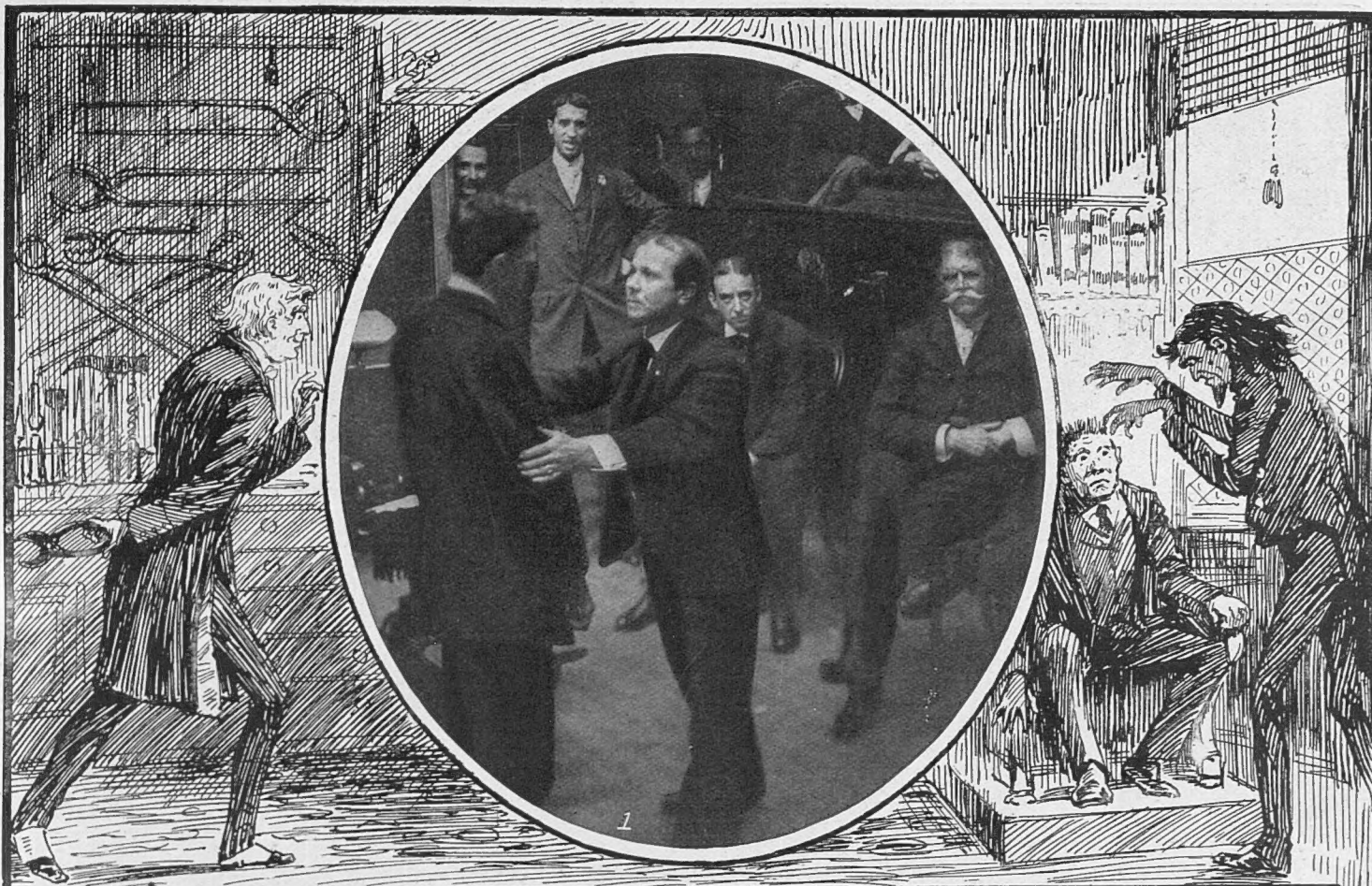


THE BLACKENING EFFECT OF A SINGLE CHIMNEY: A FAR-REACHING SMOKE-TRAIL.

it does not injure any of the furniture or decorations of the room. When its use becomes general—as, sooner or later with all these advantages it must—the reproach among cities will be removed from London, and it will be revealed in its true light as the most beautiful city on earth.

HYPNOTISM IN PLACE OF LAUGHING-GAS:

HYPNOTISM AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.



1. MR. WILLIAM E. HOFFMANN HYPNOTISING A PATIENT, WHO HAD A TROUBLESOME TOOTH EXTRACTED WHILE UNDER THE "FLUENCE."
 2. PROFESSOR T. J. BYRNES PROVING THAT THE PATIENT HAD BEEN SUCCESSFULLY HYPNOTISED BY RUNNING A LANCET BENEATH THE SUBJECT'S FINGER-NAILS.

Hypnotism was recently made to take the place of laughing-gas during dental operations at a Philadelphia hospital. The patient was "sent to sleep" by Mr. Hoffmann, and had a tooth drawn without, apparently, feeling the slightest pain. In order to prove that there was no collusion between the subject and the hypnotist, Professor T. J. Byrnes, of the hospital staff, was called upon to apply the severest test he knew to the apparently sleeping patient. "The Professor picked up a lancet from the instruments on the table and deliberately ran this down the finger-nails of the hypnotised man, who moved not a muscle during the agonising process."

Photographs by Topical Press.

NEWS OF THE WEEK—ILLUSTRATED.



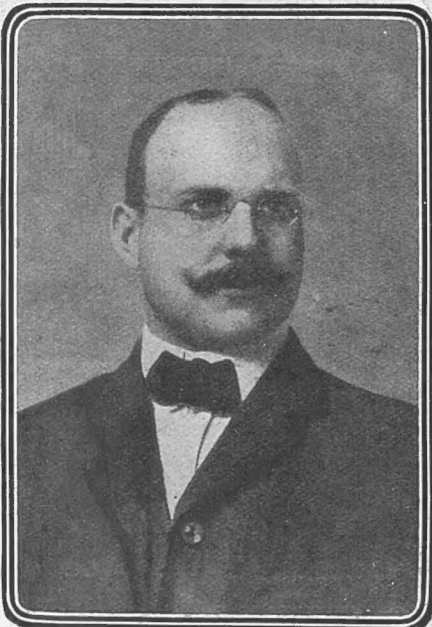
GUARDING AGAINST POISON: SEALED BARRELS OF WATER FOR THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The Sultan seldom drinks anything but water, and this is taken to the palace in sealed barrels, so that there may be no fear of it being poisoned. His Majesty dines alone, save when he has to entertain Ambassadors and other high officials.



"YE TOURNNEY OF YE OLDEN DAYS" IN THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT: THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY AND HER MAIDS.

"Ye Tournney" was substituted for the capture of the Kashmir Gate, in deference to Indian opinion. The remainder of the programme follows the customary lines, and is likely to be as popular as ever. The Naval Volunteers take part in the Tournament for the first time.—[Photograph by Gale and Polden.]



THE AMERICAN STEEL KING WHO WAS MARRIED AT MIDNIGHT: MR. WILLIAM E. COREY.

Mr. Corey married Miss Mabelle Gillman, the well-known musical-comedy actress, last week, the ceremony taking place at midnight. His wedding-gift to his bride was £200,000. Mr. and Mrs. Corey embarked for Bremen after the ceremony.



FATALLY INJURED IN A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT: THE LATE MR. GEORGE ADNEY PAYNE.

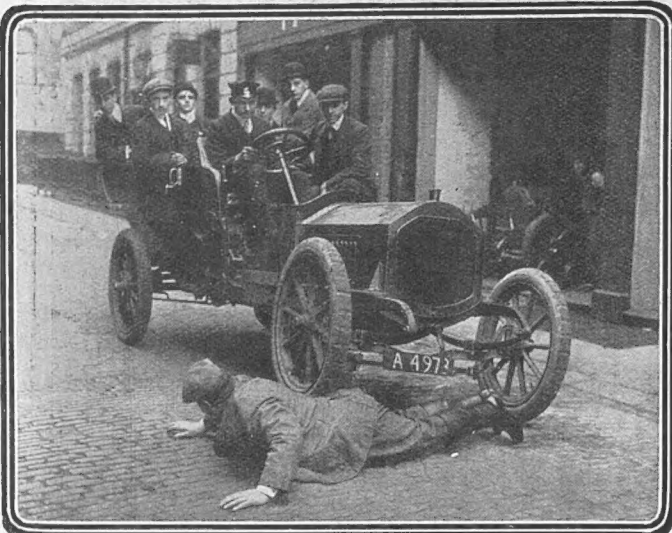
Mr. Payne, who died last week from the injuries he sustained in his recent motor accident, was famous as managing director of the Tivoli, the Oxford, and other "halls." He was also well known as a Yeoman.

Photograph by Bolak.



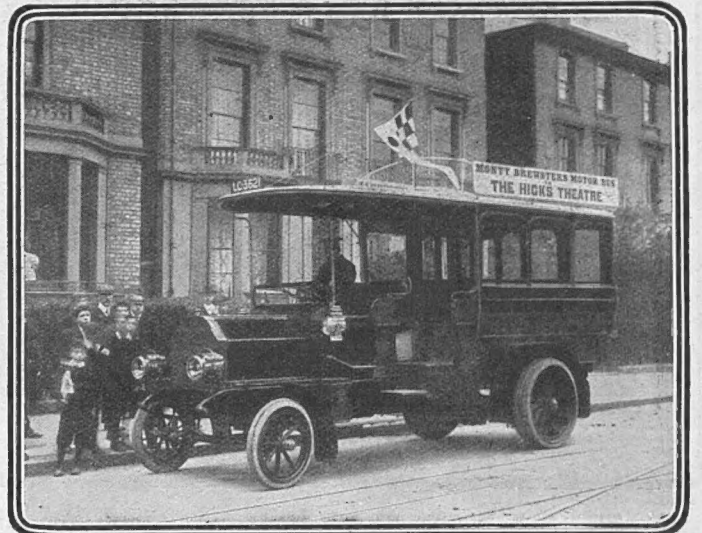
THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. ADNEY PAYNE: MRS. PAYNE, WHO WAS DRIVING THE CAR WHEN THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

Mrs. Adney Payne, who was driving, swerved in an endeavour to avoid collision with a cyclist. All the occupants of the car were thrown out. Naturally enough, the greatest sympathy with Mrs. Payne has been generally expressed.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]



THE MAN WHO LIVES BY BEING RUN OVER: MR. MARINO.

Mr. Marino, who is now in England, allows himself to be run over by a motor-car every evening. He was run over four times a day for forty weeks in America. He was originally a weight-lifter.—[Photograph by the Topical Agency.]



FREE MOTOR-BUS RIDES TO THE THEATRE: THE "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" BUS.

The bus runs from certain suburbs to the Hicks Theatre, and no charge is made for the return trip. The passengers must, of course, have booked seats for "Brewster's Millions."—[Photograph by the Topical Agency.]

A CHANGE OF FRONT: CARUSO WITHOUT HIS MOUSTACHE.

SIGNOR CARUSO BEFORE HE SHAVED HIS MOUSTACHE.



THE FAMOUS SINGER (WHO MADE HIS REAPPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN LAST WEEK) SINCE HE ELECTED TO BE CLEAN SHAVEN.

There is no need for us to point out the remarkable difference that Signor Caruso has made in his appearance by shaving his moustache. On Wednesday last the famous singer was heard at Covent Garden for the first time since his return from America. He met with a magnificent reception.

Photographs by Aimé Dupont.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

10-NIGHT (Wednesday) and EVERY EVENING
A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.
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Lord Illingworth Mr. TREE.
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GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9, in THE DUEL, by Henri Lavedan. At 8,
DOCTOR JOHNSON, by Leo Trevor. MATINEE of both plays every WED. and SAT. 2.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9.

FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN NIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.25, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
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GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes

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EIGHT HISTORICAL EPISODES.

- No. 1.—B.C. 54, CÆSAR and CASSIVELAUNUS.
- No. 2.—A.D. 61, BOADICEA and the SACK of VERULAMUM.
- No. 3.—303, MARTYRDOM of ST. ALBAN.
- No. 4.—793, OFFA FOUNDING MONASTERY.
- No. 5.—1290, FUNERAL CORTEGE of QUEEN ELEANOR.
- No. 6.—1381, RICHARD II. and PEASANTS' REVOLT.
- No. 7.—1461, SECOND BATTLE of ST. ALBANS.
- No. 8.—1572, VISIT of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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May 22, 1907.

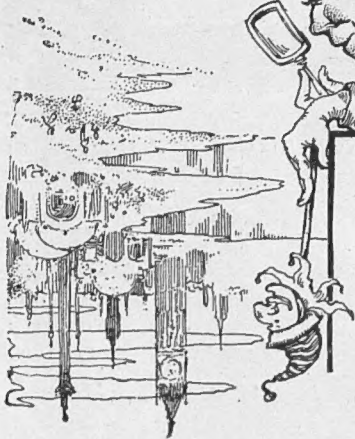
Signature.....

THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CATHROP.



THE COMPLETE ART OF SHOPPING.

THE lady had given me the honour of her company and the benefit of her critical powers at the Academy. She had summed up the price of several of her friends' new dresses, she had scattered a number of adjectives over certain paintings

(which shall be nameless), and she had reduced me to a state of abject humiliation in more ways than one. I saw that it was a field day.

Within two minutes of our leaving the doors of Burlington House my worst fears were realised.

She said, "Now I want to do a little shopping."

I replied that I thought a quiet tea and a cigarette would—

She interrupted me sweetly. "It's such a nice day for shopping, and I've got all my best things on. Do you mind?"

Being excessively polite, I showed by my manner that the mere idea of shopping filled me with delight. My head ached, my feet ached, my eyes ached, my hat had been brushed the wrong way, it was hot.

"What do you want to buy?" I asked, as we walked towards Regent Street.

"Buy?" she said, raising her eyebrows.

"I was under the impression we were going shopping."

"Oh! But I don't want to buy anything. I just want to shop."

"But you must be going to buy something."

She turned the entire battery of her femininity on to me. "Don't you understand the difference between shopping and going to buy something?" she asked.

I suppose I looked more vacant than usual.

"My dear man," she said, patting my arm, "I will initiate you into the mysteries of the art of shopping. Here we are."

We went into a shop. That is to say, she glided in, just glancing at the window, and I came meekly after.

"I want to look at some mantles," she said to a duke who stood in the doorway.

Seeing a chance of escape, I whispered to her, "But as I can't come up there with you, I'll wait outside."

In the sweetest way possible she led me, without answering, to the lift. The haughtiest of persons in a black dress swept towards us, and in a few minutes I was seated on a miserable chair surrounded by what appeared to me priceless mantles.

The haughty person paraded before us in a fawn-coloured dream.

The haughty person swept past us in a pale-rose creation.

The haughty person glided past us in a blue picture.

The lady appeared unmoved before the spectacle of so much grace. She hummed and made explanatory signs and noises which the haughty person appeared to understand.

Then, when at last the haughty person tried to press a mauve marvel on the lady, she turned and asked me my opinion upon it.

I turned very red; I murmured, "Charming!" I saw the faintest superior wrinkle appear in the forehead of the haughty person. The mauve marvel was cast aside.

I began to fidget. It was all very depressing. Everyone in the department seemed to be gliding before us in wonderful things.

Then the lady spoke decisively. She said: "I cannot make up my mind between that one and this. I will let you know tomorrow, if I may?"

It seemed then that eight persons in black dresses looked at me crushingly, and at the lady with the perfectly arranged face, and accepted the fiction.

"There!" said the lady to me as we steered towards another department, "wasn't that delightful?"

"Did you never mean to buy one of those things?" I asked.

"I might have bought one," she replied. "I might have, but I don't really want one. I just wanted to look at some in case I ever needed another."

We bought a sort of scarf after half-an-hour's torture of an exquisite person who condescended to attend to us. I am glad we bought it. In fact, if the lady had not bought it I should certainly have gone back and bought it myself, just by way of showing there was no ill-feeling. Once in the street again, I was breathing freely, when the lady suddenly stopped.

"Do you mind?" she said. "I shan't be a minute. I don't think this scarf will go with anything I have. They said they would change it, didn't they?"

I rose to the occasion; and, after I had finished speaking out all the pent-up emotions fighting in my heart, she looked at me with the most innocent wonder and the most gentle reproach, and slowly shook her head.

"Any woman," she said, "would do just the same."

"And that," I replied, "is the art of shopping!"

"Isn't it nice?"

"Nice!" said I. "It's the most barbarous, disgraceful, hideous exhibition one could possibly imagine!"

"You want your tea," she said.

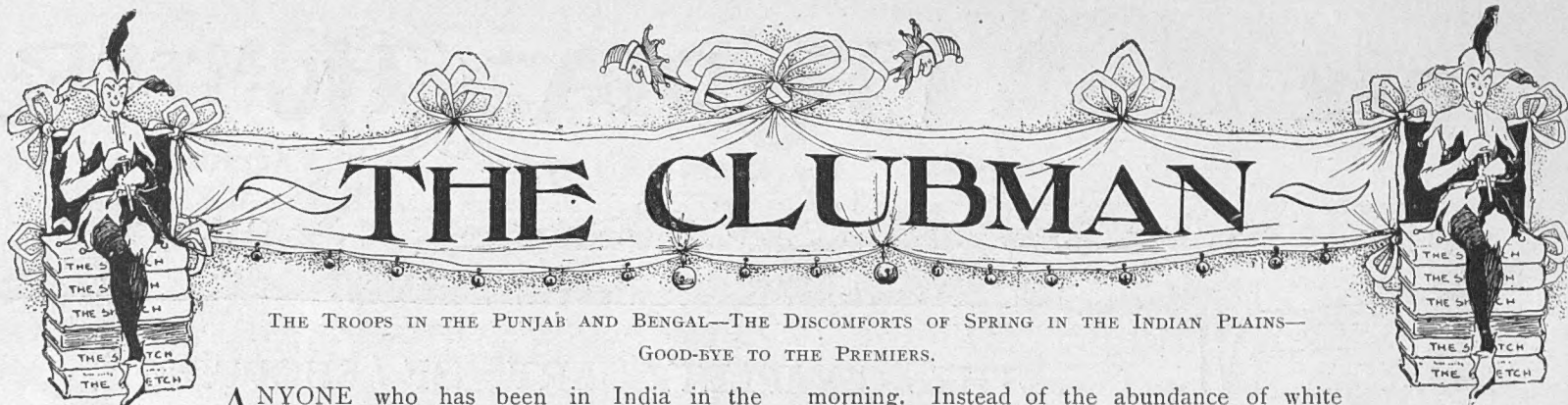
During tea I looked at her and wondered. She looked as fresh and pretty as a flower, and absolutely unmoved after the ordeal. I think I was almost persuaded, or almost understood, about the superiority of the ruling sex.



THE SIMPLE LIFE FOR MILLIONAIRES: A SUGGESTION FOR A SHANTY CITY FOR TIRED DOLLAR-KINGS.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the well-known American millionaire, has stated that he is tired of extravagant living, and desires to go in for the simple life. Our Artist suggests the type of city that might suit him.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



ANYONE who has been in India in the spring and summer months will feel very sorry for the officers and men who, under orders for the hills, have been detained in the plains as a consequence of what is styled the "unrest," but, unless the iron hand was known to

be in the velvet glove, might well have meant anarchy. I have been through a time of similar detention and disappointment, and though it occurred some fifteen years ago, the discomfort was so annoying that all the details are fresh in my memory. Just at this time of the year all the young soldiers in India and most of the young officers are sent up into the hills. The seasoned vessels make their arrangements to take leave in succession, and those who are going to stay in the plains make themselves as comfortable, or as

morning. Instead of the abundance of white clothing and linen which is a hot-weather necessity, I had only a scanty allowance requisite for travelling. The covers of a few books I had not packed away began to curl up at the corners from the heat; every object in the room, and all my clothes, were hot to the touch; and, as any morning might bring the much-desired letter, and as it would be showing an impatience contrary to discipline to telegraph to ask why the order did not come, I could only wait and silently suffer—for it was real suffering—and hope for that long-delayed blue envelope.

What I went through that late spring many hundreds of officers and men are going through now in the Punjab and Bengal, and though some most ill-placed sympathy is being expressed for the deported seditious natives whose preaching has roused the ignorant ryots, nobody has said a word of commiseration for the officials and soldiers, from Sir Denzil Ibbetson down to the youngest drummer of the line, who have been forced to "stand fast" in the plains. I have seen some of the Bengali agitators—smooth-spoken gentlemen in spotless white, most of them with University degrees—who talk beautifully to travelling M.P.s of the legitimate aspirations of the natives of India, and who dangle before the said natives delightful prospects of cutting the throats of all the white men in India as the throats of pigs are cut, of making the white women slaves, and of living royally on the revenues which the British Raj now pockets.

The Prime Ministers of the Colonies are saying, or have said, their good-byes and are going back to their own peoples to make report as to what success they have had in the Mother Country. Their personalities and the personalities of the ladies of their families have been discussed and described as though they were favourite actors and actresses. I wondered some weeks ago, in print, whether, a fortnight after their arrival, we should look on these Premiers as bores or whether we should consider them to be



THE REAL THING—NOT AN ACTOR IN "THE LAST OF HIS RACE": CHIEF HOLLOW HORN BEAR, OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

We give this photograph in order that it may be compared with that of Mr. Reeves-Smith in "The Last of His Race."

little uncomfortable, as possible to bear the wearisome monotony of the hot-weather routine.

If anything by chance interferes with the granting of leave and the dispatch of the young troops to the hills, the officers who should have gone on leave and the young troops have a very uncomfortable time. All heavy baggage has been despatched, bungalows have been given up, officers and men have the annoyance of thinking that every day will bring an order of release, and every day passes without that order arriving. To come to my personal experience. One spring I had been officially told that I was to go to Simla for the hot weather to join the Intelligence Department. I had dispatched in advance all my trunks by carrier up the hill; I had found a home for my charger while I was away, and had dispatched the animal there; I had sent on my pony by easy marches; I had given up the lease of my bungalow, and had discharged all my servants, except my bearer and kitmagar.

Every morning I asked at the orderly room whether the order to join at Simla had come, and every day I was told that it had not. I did not know that the officer who should have sent the order was away in Burma, trying to discover the sources of the Irrawaddy, and had been detained in the jungle by a bad attack of fever. The heat grew—not such heat as we know in England, but heat which seemed to scorch. In the colder months officers live three or four together in a bungalow. In the hot weather the trials of temper generally necessitate a bungalow per man. I was a guest in the bungalows of other men, and I knew that I was a nuisance to my friends, for, as the sun moves round, the owner of a bungalow generally changes from one room to another, to avoid the heat as much as possible.

My servants were as doleful as I was, and when each morning they asked me if there was any news, and I told them "None," their faces dropped. They had sent on their boxes with my trunks, and they began to think they would never see again the precious rubbish an Indian servant carts about from place to place. I borrowed a horse for parade purposes. The animal resented work in hot weather, and stumbled as I rode him to parade before dawn each



A TREE THAT TOOK OVER 41 SECONDS TO CUT DOWN: A MAMMOTH TRUNK.

It would be interesting to know how long it would take Messrs. Peter MacLaren and Harry H. Jackson, who have been giving a tree-cutting exhibition at the London Hippodrome, to fell a tree of the girth of the one here illustrated.

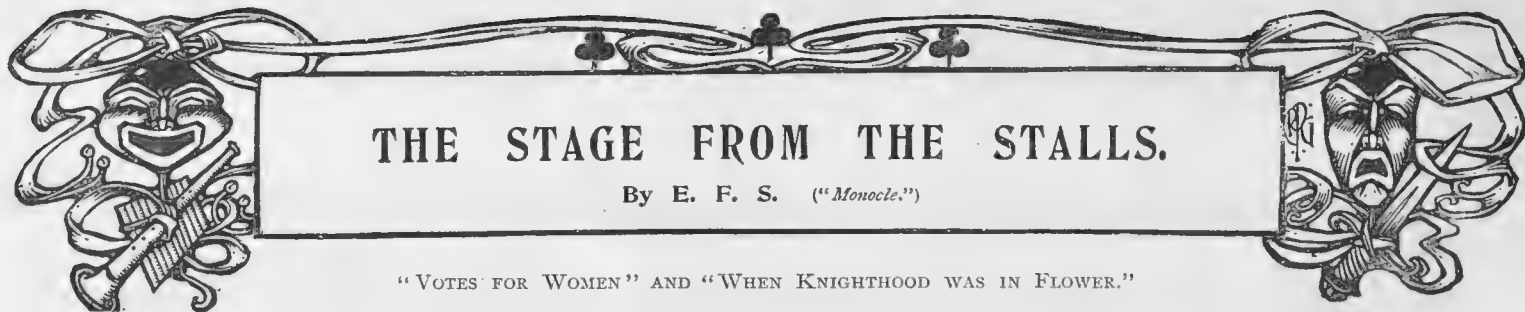
geniuses. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Deakin, and General Botha are the men, so far as Clubland is concerned, who have left their mark. The gentle scholar, the forcible, direct orator, and the simple Dutch farmer and fighter have been the heroes of the visit. "Dr. Jim," one of the most popular of men, has kept, I do not know why, in the background during his visit.

A PALE-FACE AS A REDSKIN: A REMARKABLE MAKE-UP.



MR. H. REEVES SMITH AS LONAWONDA, THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE OCKOTCHEES,
IN "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Morrison.



"VOTES FOR WOMEN" AND "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

WHAT a remarkable contrast between two plays!—the one a clever, earnest, intellectual effort by a brilliant novelist unversed in stagecraft, the other a commonplace, business-like piece of unintellectual work by an experienced playwright; the one rich in ideas imperfectly expressed, the other entirely superficial; the one unlike any other piece, the other hardly distinguishable, but by the names of the characters, from dozens. I should rather like to hear Mr. Kester's opinion upon "Votes for Women." It is quite easy to guess what Miss Robins would think of such mechanical stuff as "When Knighthood was in Flower." Possibly the last words of the title should be "in power," and not "in flower," and then, to some extent, the American piece might help one to understand the feeling which underlies "Votes for Women"; for the feudal system, with its sham of chivalry and its fierce oppression of women, has left a spirit that has long survived the famous statute of Charles II., and it is against this spirit that Miss Robins is striving—this spirit in accordance with which Mary Tudor, in Mr. Kester's piece, is treated by his ridiculous Henry VIII. as a kind of chattel. It may be that Miss Robins is not quite successful in her effort to make a problem play out of the Women's Suffrage movement. There are signs of haste in the piece, and, unfortunately, even on its being placed in the evening bill, she has refused to act upon the advice of the critics to clear up certain needless obscurities—perhaps she despises the advice because it comes from mere man. Yet she might have remembered that whilst women have held their own in some branches of art, we have yet to see the woman dramatist whose work reaches the second class—unless, indeed, the best plays of the rather masculine-minded "John Oliver Hobbes" or two or three now forgotten Frenchwomen, such as Madame de Girardin, reached such rank.

What about Miss Robins? Is she likely, as dramatist, to do work of such notable quality as her novels? It is difficult to guess. "Votes for Women" shows one real woman—Vida Levering—and an admirably invented crowd, and also an inability to use them advantageously. One seems to feel that from time to time the dramatist has said to herself: "Oh, bother! I shall have to stop discussing ideas, and attend to that plot." The result is that "Votes for Women" is correctly called "a dramatic tract," and can hardly be criticised as a play; nevertheless, it is immensely interesting, and sometimes quite moving. What does it matter whether most of the Trafalgar Square scene is irrelevant if we suddenly find ourselves gripped by it and persuaded, for the time at least, that the speakers are in the right; are excited by their strife of words with the mob? If this act is not drama, so much the worse for drama. How it acts! Look at the

superb sincerity of Miss Agnes Thomas—I daresay she does not care twopence about Woman's Rights (I do not know)—but there she stood, lashing herself into fury at the thoughts of woman's wrongs and the male's indifference, and it was hard for the audience to keep back cheers. Then there was Mr. Edmund Gwenn—quintessence of all the good mob orators of Hyde Park, not merely a picture of an individual, but the complete comic embodiment of all the strenuous, sincere speakers, touching, moving, and truly comic. Last of them—for Miss Minto seemed rather feeble to me—Miss Wynne-Matthison as Vida, the woman of intellect and imagination, whose sense of her own wrongs had grown into a fierce sympathy with the wrongs of others: there was a noble, impressive figure uttering finely chosen yet simple words in a melodious voice with rare, strange charm and a passion of sincerity; one cannot forget her. The other people, those merely of the plot, are not of much importance. Still, one must praise an excellent performance by Miss Jean Mackinlay in the ingénue character—she is one of our few actresses with real grace of movement; moreover, Miss Gertrude Burnett, Miss Maud Milton, and Mr. Aubrey Smith played ungrateful parts very well.

Vida Levering and Mary Tudor, heroine of "When Knighthood was in Flower," are far apart—there is the Atlantic in between. Obviously Mr. Kester has deliberately worked to build up a big acting character. Mix Petruchio's bride—ere the taming—with Rosalind, add a flavour of the modern American soubrette, put the creature into impossible adventures, and keep her on the stage nearly all the time—what leading lady could refuse the product? Miss Julia Marlowe played Mary Tudor for all it was worth—and a good deal more, for it was worth nothing. There were scraps of Ada Rehan and bits of Bernhardt, and once or twice I seemed to hear

a note or two of Mrs. Carter's Zaza. Of course the main element was Miss Marlowe, a talented, charming, well-trained woman, romping prodigiously, and apparently enjoying even the "Toddles" tomfoolery of the second act, when she threw her stays at Henry VIII. Really, Miss Marlowe's work was very clever; her changes of mood were as quick as a Fregoli's change of garments. Mr. Sothorn is to be sincerely pitied, for his part as Brandon is a mere shadow, a walking gentleman-lover; it was wise to make no effort to shine. Thanks to Mr. Mawson and Henry VIII., we had some laughter during the evening—uncharitable laughter, I fear. So far as I recollect, "Bluff King Hal" was not nearly as funny in the burlesque called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," at the Avenue, in which, by the way, Mr. Chevalier played a part very well.



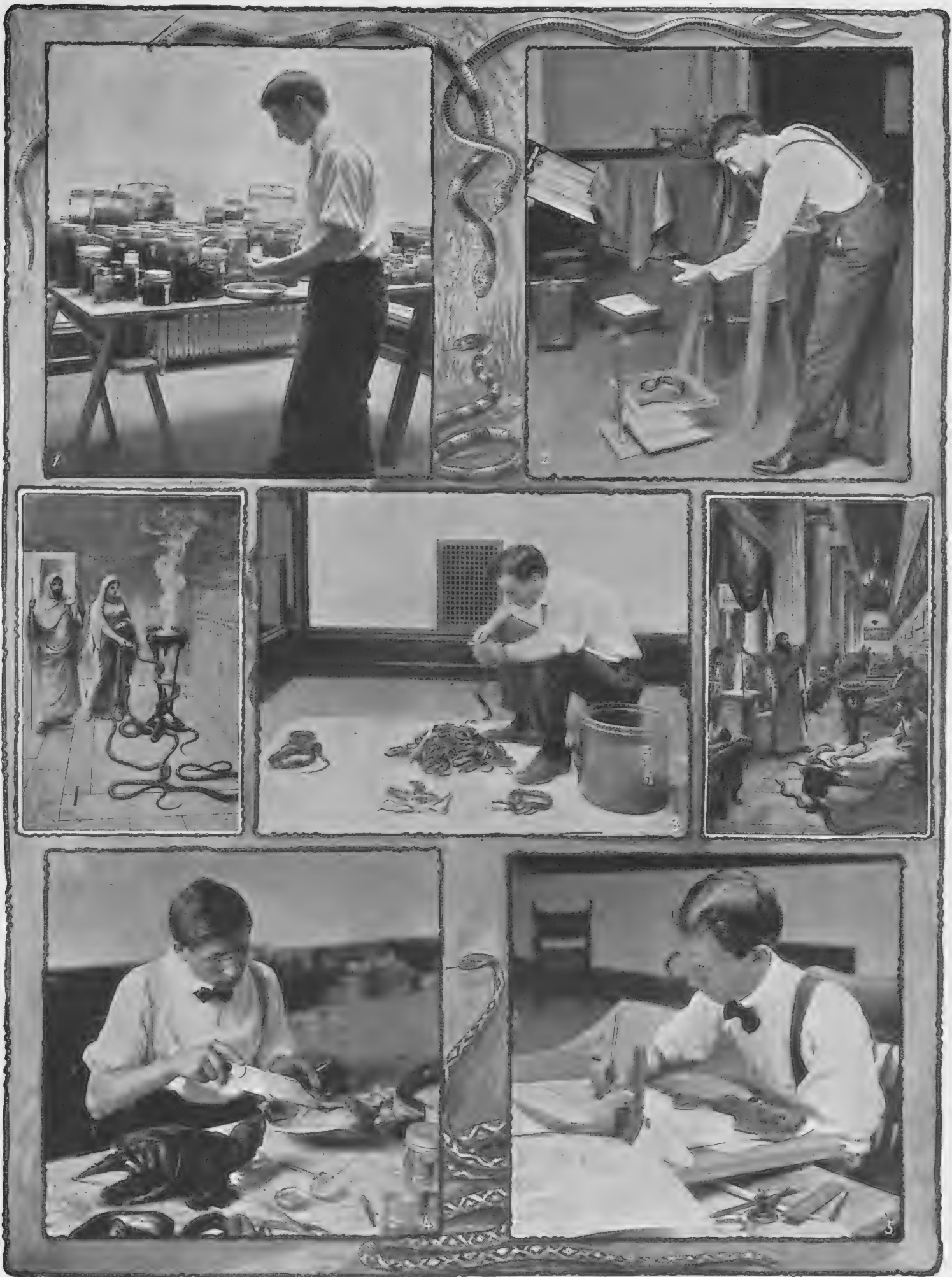
Mlle. JEANNE LAURENT, OF THE NOUVEAU THÉÂTRE DE PARIS, WHO IS GIVING FRENCH RECITALS IN LONDON.

Mlle. Laurent is assisted by several of her pupils, and is giving her recitals on modern French writers at 33, Belgrave Square, S.W. Rostand is the subject to-morrow (Thursday), Théodore Botrel on the 30th, and Gustave Radaud on June 6.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE SNAKE-BOTTLERS AT WORK:

SCENES IN THE ECONOMIC ZOOLOGIST'S DEPARTMENT AT HARRISBURG.



1. BOTTLING SNAKES FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

2. PHOTOGRAPHING A SNAKE FOR EXHIBITION.

3. SORTING A CONSIGNMENT OF SNAKES.

4. DISSECTING WORK.

5. SKETCHING SNAKES FOR THE BULLETINS.

Professor Surface, the Economic Zoologist of Harrisburg, has come to the conclusion that it is time the boys and girls of Pennsylvania knew something of the life of the creeping things of their country. That they may do so, he has organised an elaborate scheme. Farmers and country people have been asked to send in snakes dead or alive, and the Professor's assistants are now busy dissecting the snakes, with a view to ascertaining their selection of food; watching those kept alive, in order to get accurate data regarding the amount of food required to keep the snakes alive; making sectional sketches of the snakes for the walls of class-rooms, and classifying the hundreds of snakes sent in from all parts of the State. The knowledge accumulated will be retailed to the pupils at the public schools, who will be taught to know the snake that is a friend to the farmer and the snake that should be killed on sight. [Photographs by the P. F. Press Bureau.]

SMALL TALK



THE THIRD SON OF LORD AMPTHILL: THE HON. EDWARD W. C. RUSSELL.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

ON the 2nd of next month Lord Ampthill's third son will be six years old. Born during his father's Governorship of Madras, this important little boy has as one of his names that of Curzon, in honour of the great Englishman who was Viceroy of India at the time. Lord and Lady Ampthill belong to the old-fashioned nobility favoured by the regard and friendship of the Princess of Wales—indeed, Lady Ampthill

is a sister of her Royal Highness's favourite Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Trefusis. It is therefore probable that the four young Russells will be among the chosen companions and intimates of the Princes of Wales when the latter reach years of discretion.

Baroness Von Eckhardstein, is, in spite of her German name, typically English. The only child of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, she was one of the young beauties of later Victorian Society, and her marriage to the then First Attaché of the German Embassy was the most interesting matrimonial function that ever took place in the grand old Abbey of St. Albans, and the young couple, whose matrimonial dissensions have just brought them into prominence, spent their honeymoon in the Duke of Alba's famous castle near Seville, while to few modern brides did life seem to promise more happiness. The Baroness, who is, of course, possessed of a very large fortune, is compelled by the terms of her father's will to reside in the United Kingdom for not less than two hundred and forty days of each year; and should she not carry out this curious stipulation she loses her income. The vast wealth created by the popular Baronet will ultimately descend to the only child of Baron and Baroness Von Eckhardstein, a little girl who is now nine years old.

A Famous Lady Traveller. Lady Lechmere takes an honoured place among those travelled Englishwomen who delight in finding fresh woods and pastures new. She was the first woman belonging to our race to set foot in historic Fashoda, but she is naturally prouder far of the many big-game hunting expeditions in which she has taken part with her distinguished husband. Lady Lechmere is the fortunate mistress of The Rhydd, one of the most beautiful and interesting of Worcestershire country houses, famed for the treasures contained in the library, as also for its unique Tudor miniatures. The Rhydd is, of course, full of sporting trophies of every kind; but, as so often happens, Lady Lechmere has a very

feminine and unobtrusive personality, and few of those meeting her in Society would take her for a big-game huntress.

Mr. George Russell.

Mr. George Russell, who was chosen to open the library given to the great Nonconformist school at Mill Hill by Lord Winterstoke,

is himself a strong High Churchman—so "High," in fact, that he is understood to look with

favour on Disestablishment. Mr. Russell is a tall, fine-looking man of fifty-four; he has a frank, open countenance, full of kindness and intelligence, and he may be described as a delightful combination of the scholar, the man of affairs, and the shrewd social observer. He is a perfect storehouse of stories illustrating the ever-changing phases of Society, on which he has written several entertaining books; nor is he the man to keep his best for his books, which, brilliant as they are, are yet inferior to his conversation. A Londoner of Londoners and a Whig of the Whigs, Mr. Russell is, of course, a scion of the ducal house of Bedford. The days are gone by when he held office in every Liberal Ministry, and when he gave to politics what was meant for Society.

New Men and Old Acres.

The news that Holly Lodge, so long associated with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is about to be sold, gives any one of our new-century business millionaires a great opportunity, for it is said to be the only house standing in grounds extending to fifty acres within five miles of Charing Cross. Holly Lodge was one of those luxurious mansions, half-cottage, half-manor-house, in which our wealthy ancestors delighted; and comfort, not splendour, was studied in each of the pretty, unpretentious rooms where the Baroness kept many of her best-loved treasures—those associated with her childhood and youth. It was there that she delighted to entertain her own and her husband's intimate friends; there, also, that she gave, during the summer months of the year,

old-fashioned garden parties, where the guests were bidden to partake of sillibubs and cream, and a profusion of the splendid fruit for which the gardens were justly famed. To a larger circle Holly Lodge is best remembered as having witnessed the annual sale of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's hackneys; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the estate will pass into the hands of a single owner—a lover of horses for choice—and that it will not be "developed," as so many beautiful stretches of ground near London have been, into a new townlet composed of jerry-built villas.



THE VON ECKHARDSTEIN v. VON ECKHARDSTEIN APPLICATION IN THE DIVORCE COURT: THE BARONESS VON ECKHARDSTEIN, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Photograph by Harrison.



THREE RUSSO-SCOTTISH OFFICERS OF THE TSAR: COLONEL GILLIVRAY, COLONEL ROBERTSON, AND MAJOR-GENERAL ROSS.

The Russian Army contains a remarkable number of officers who bear foreign names. German, French, or Swedish surnames appear on almost every page of the Tsar's Army List, and among the officers of his personal bodyguard there are several who are evidently of Scotch descent. In the above photograph there are no fewer than three of these Russo-Scottish soldiers. On the extreme right is Colonel Gillivray, next but one to him is Colonel Robertson, while the officer with the white beard (the third figure from the left in the photograph) is Major-General Ross.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF STATUARY !



"THE MAN WITH THE RIBS": THE STATUE OF SAN BARTOLOMMEO IN MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Recognising the remarkable manner in which the bones, muscles, and tendons have been reproduced by the sculptor, the Milanese have been irreverent enough to nickname the work "The Man with the Ribs." It stands in Milan Cathedral.



THE RENDING OF A COFFIN: AN EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED IN MONTMARTRE.

The statue illustrated is to be erected in Montmartre to the memory of the great French writer, Villiers de l'Isle Adam. In some ways, it will undoubtedly take rank as a curiosity of art, but it is worthy a success greater than that of curiosity.

Photograph by P. Hutin.



A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN SCULPTURE: MICHELANGELO FEELING THE BELVEDERE TORSO, HIS FAVOURITE ANTIQUE.

Michelangelo is shown feeling the Belvedere Torso, which is now in the Vatican. The scheme marks a new development in portraiture. If other moderns follow the example of the sculptor we may, perhaps, see portraits of Mr. Sargent looking at a Rembrandt, Mr. John Collier examining a Velasquez, and so on.



A STONE FIGURE THAT APPEARS TO CRY: THE WEEPING ANGEL IN THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

The Weeping Angel is one of the chief sights of the Cathedral, and is by Blasser. It is remarkable in that if one gazes at the face for a minute or two, tears appear to fall from the Angel's eyes. The Cathedral in which it stands is supposed to exhibit Gothic architecture at its best.



LAST WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH OF RUSSIA, WHO MARRIED THE DUCHESS ANASTASIA OF LEUCHTENBERG LAST MONDAY.

Considerable interest was aroused in the wedding from the fact that the Duchess is the divorced wife of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and it is a rule that anyone marrying a divorced person cannot be received at Court.

further charming example of our King's tact and gracious desire to show all possible courtesy to England's imperial guests. Unfortunately, several of the wives and daughters of the Colonial Premiers were unable to be present, but those who attended his Majesty's party regard this comparatively brief function as the most interesting of the many noteworthy receptions given in their honour. What most struck the ladies was the royal host's remarkable knowledge of their individual lives and interests. The King possesses not only the royal memory for faces, but a wonderful

FOR the first time on record a British Sovereign has entertained a party of ladies in the absence of his Consort. This unique honour rendered to the Colonial dames was a yet further

A ROYAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE VICES OF THE UPPER CLASSES: PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN ANTI-IMMORALITY ASSOCIATION.

The Association has as its object the suppression of vice amongst the upper classes. Recently, the royal ladies who are the moving spirits in it circularised their august relatives and friends asking them to abstain from immorality for a year. The replies are said to have been discouraging in number.

got over in the case of a soldier; and the treatment of both the Beaconsfield and the Gladstone statues shows that it can be successfully surmounted, even when no uniform can be utilised in the interests of art.

A Future King's Country Homes.

La Granja, where Queen Victoria Eugénie will spend her convalescence, and where her little son will enjoy his first glimpse of the country, has been described as "the Spanish Balmoral"—for it was for many years the Queen Dowager's favourite home, and the place where she enjoyed an escape from the iron-bound etiquette of Madrid. La Granja recalls Versailles; it is famed for its fountains, and is surrounded by splendid forests, in which the young King often goes hunting. Should La Granja for



LAST WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: THE GRAND DUCHESS NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA, WHO MARRIED THE GRAND DUKE ON MONDAY LAST.

The Duchess is a daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, and so sister of the Queen of Italy, and first cousin of the Grand Duke. In the eyes of the Russian Church this relationship is too close for marriage.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

power of recollecting what he has been told about a person, and this, of course, is a most valuable quality in one who occupies the position of monarch.

"The Duke" in Military men will muster in force to see the King unveil the statue of the Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall. Various Continental armies will be represented at the ceremony, and the German Emperor—who, in common with all the younger members of our royal family, affectionately styled the late Commander-in-Chief "Uncle George"—is sending over a detachment of the regiment of which the Duke was honorary colonel. London has curiously few royal statues—indeed, the city is comparatively poor in statuary of any description—but the new statue will stand on one of the finest sites available, near the quaint presentment of James I. Of course, the difficulty which confronts the modern sculptor is the remarkably unbecoming dress of the modern man; this difficulty is, however,



PRINCESS WILLIAM OF BADEN, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.



THE QUEEN OF WÜRTTEMBERG.

any reason be regarded as an unsuitable place of residence at the present moment, the Court will move to Aranjuez, which at this time of the year is a paradise of bright colours, for there successive garden-loving Kings and Queens have added horticultural rareties to the many gardens.

A Congratulatory Dinner.

Sir Charles Willie Mathews, who has just been entertained at a congratulatory dinner on his knighthood by his brother Treasury Counsel practising at the Central Criminal Court, is probably the most popular man at the Bar. Short, slender, immensely keen and alert, this famous barrister, in spite of his parentage, never had any hankering after the stage. He takes a lively interest in the Turf, however, and he was given a junior brief in the great case of Sir George Chetwynd against the Earl of Durham. He used this opportunity so well that he is now Counsel for the Jockey Club. He has a marvellous power of remembering masses of facts, as many a witness has discovered.



THE DUCHESS MARIE OF ANHALT-DESSAU.

SURELY NOT TWINS? A PAIR OF "TEDDY PAYNES."



MR. EDMUND PAYNE, THE FAMOUS GAIETY COMEDIAN, AND HIS ACTOR-BROTHER, MR. FRED PAYNE.

As a matter of fact, Messrs. Edmund and Fred Payne are not twins, save in art. "Fred" plays "Teddy's" parts on tour, and plays them with much success. The likeness between the brothers is obvious. Numbers 1 and 4 show Mr. Edmund Payne; numbers 2 and 3 Mr. Fred Payne.

Photographs 1 and 4 by the Rotary Photo. Co.; 2 and 3 by Saloman.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Voice that is Stilled.

The continued disturbances in Morocco suggest that the old trick of inspiring the tribesmen with an idea of invulnerability is still practised. Great is the faith of the men, great the power of their leaders to gull. Once those guaranteed immunity from death toppled down before white men's bullets, like ripe corn before a gale. Their fellows went in wrath to the man who had assured them that death could not come near his army. He took counsel with his wise man, and the wise man had himself buried, with a tube, for speaking and breathing, communicating with the outer air. Then the great man summoned the malcontents, and bade them listen. He called aloud, and the gentleman underground answered, saying that he was the spirit of one of the fallen; that all who had died had been transported instantly to Paradise, and a very good time they were having of it. The deputation departed astonished and sore afraid. Then the great man put his foot over the top of the speaking-tube, and kept it there. Presently he called his men and had stones heaped upon the spot, and in due course erected there a temple to the fallen. What was thought of it all by the man below that gentleman never came up to explain.

Stage Tricks in Real Life.

There seems to have been a device of this sort behind the Boxer Rebellion. The Empress, hearing of the powers of the Boxers, sent a Prince to test them. They, in readiness for the visit, were prepared—some with rifles, some with bullets. The men who were to fire extracted their bullets; the targets popped the bullets into their mouths. When the Prince arrived the marksmen blazed away merrily at the other people, who stood it smiling; then produced every man his bullet from his mouth. Here was clear proof of invulnerability, and as such it was reported to the Empress. Blithely then she prepared for hostilities. What matter, she argued, if not one nation, but all the other nations, came against her? Were not her heroes superior to bullets? Would there not here be a glorious opportunity of wiping out all the foreign devils' armed men at a single sitting?

A Chicken "Boned" by Tennyson.

It is fitting that Lord Tennyson should preside over the Federal Conference on Education on Friday, for he is one of the few men in the House of Lords who have had experience of the work of the Empire over-seas. Family experience should make him lenient to the fallible, ready to give at least a second chance to the errant. For his father was once guilty of the crime of petty larceny. The affair was not without its mysterious atmosphere. Overnight there was in the family larder as nice a chicken as ever cook made ready for table. In the morning that chicken was no more.

Excursions and alarms failed to trace the theft to the offender, until it leaked out that the Poet Laureate himself was the criminal. Someone had given him a beautiful setter, which bore him company in his own den on the night of its arrival. At midnight the poet's mind descended, so to speak, from the clouds about Parnassus' summit, and he thought of dog and dog-fodder. Straightway to the larder he crept, and stole that chicken for his new friend.

A Matter of Business.

The head of a great business house has been telling the world how anxious well-intentioned people are to oblige him with ideas for advertising. One gentleman offered to name a new star which he had discovered after the article in question; another was ready to bestow

its name upon a horse entered for the Derby. In both cases, the bubble was pricked as soon as blown by the firm itself. They once hit upon a bigger idea than either of these. They wished to print their advertisement upon the back of every census-paper issued to the public. Every householder in the land would, upon a given day of the year, have been besought to employ for the good of himself or herself, as well as for the implied good of the firm, the product of the latter. The sum which they offered for the right of utilising the official



A SLAMGOOZLING ADVERTISEMENT: PUBLICITY AS IT IS PRACTISED IN AMERICA—MR. "PAINLESS PARKER'S" ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS BUSINESS.

The flamboyant advertisement is one of the commonplaces of America, but it is perhaps seldom that one finds an example as amusing and as excellent as the one illustrated. For the word "slamgoozle" alone, it is worth recording.—[Photograph by Byron.]

documents would, if accepted, have constituted a record. A special meeting of the Cabinet was held before so tempting a prospect of addition to the Exchequer could be refused.

Irish Puzzles.

With Ireland on show, and many people from England going over, we may reasonably expect to hear some new stories of the distressful country. Cardinal Manning treasured some of the puzzle-headed variety—true ones, presumably, as he retailed them. One was of the waiter who, asked at what hour in the morning the first train departed, replied, "You see, your honour, the seven o'clock train now goes at eight o'clock, so there isn't no first train at all at all." Running well in double harness with this one was that of the man who "got up at seven and thought it was eight, but on looking at his watch found that it was nine." It was the servant of a friend of Manning who, seeing his master fill his waste-paper basket with torn-up letters, sorrowfully said, "Och, why did you go for to tear them up? They might have come in so useful for me, who am always so bothered when I have to write one!" This man, however, hardly bettered the remark of the drunken English butler whose master, in dismissing him for intemperance, smothered conscience and wrote of him as "sober." The man read his testimonial, then anxiously said, "As you've gone so far, Sir, couldn't you kindly say 'frequently sober'?"

"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE IX.—AND LAST: THE FINISHED ARTICLE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



SO great has been the success of Mrs. Madge Carr Cook in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" that the story of her association with the part cannot fail to interest everyone who has seen the play or contemplates going to see it. In common with most people, Mrs. Cook was struck with the dramatic possibilities of the character when she read the "Mrs. Wiggs" stories, and thought it would make a play, without in any way dreaming that she would ever act it. As a matter of fact, she was appearing in an entirely different rôle, that of the widow in "The Climbers"—the part Miss Lottie Venne played in London—when Messrs. Liebler sent for her and asked her to take it up. Although it is at the antipodes of her own natural characteristics, she liked the idea so much that she accepted the offer, read and re-read the stories, to study the woman, during a summer spent in England, and



MISS HAZY WITHOUT HER MAKE-UP: MISS LOUISE CLOSSER, WHO PLAYS THE BRIDE IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

Photograph by Saroni.

went back to America to rehearse. When, later, she visited Louisville with the play, she went to see the "cabbage patch," but failed to meet Mrs. Bass, the original of Mrs. Wiggs. Mrs. Bass had by that time become disgusted with the notoriety thrust upon her, for people used to call upon her at all hours to satisfy their curiosity about her personality. This she resented so strongly that on one occasion she poured a bucketful of water over a too intrusive visitor. How closely Mrs. Cook's appearance and manner approximate to that of the original may be judged from the fact that people who have seen her play in America and have seen Mrs. Bass have constantly asked whether the actress had lived with her for some time, in order to study her from every possible point of view.

As illustrating the peculiar originality of the woman, Mrs. Cook tells a true story of the original of Mrs. Wiggs. When she was even poorer than she is now her husband died. Some people who were interested in her saw to the arrangements for a decent funeral. On the appointed day a hearse drove to the cabbage patch, with a mourning-coach in attendance. After the coffin had been placed in the hearse Mrs. Bass went to the door. She saw the coach, and asked what was the meaning of it. "To take you and the children to the cemetery," replied a friend, who was present. Mrs. Bass shook her head. "No," she said; "my husband can't walk, so he's got to drive to the cemetery; but I have always had to walk everywhere while he was alive, and now that he's dead, I'm going to walk to the cemetery." And she did.

When Miss Louise Closser, who has made so great a success at Terry's, decided to go on the stage, she also decided that she would have Mr. Charles Frohman for her manager. She was then at school in Boston, but she slipped away to New York and, supremely disdainful of the difficulties to be overcome, made her way to his office and asked for him. The office-boy looked up for a moment, and said, "Mr. Frohman isn't in." "Very well," replied Miss Closser, "I will wait." The boy turned back to his sporting paper, and Miss Closser sat down to wait. She waited for two hours, when, her pride greatly humbled, she feebly

inquired when Mr. Frohman would return. "In six months," replied the boy, glaring at her triumphantly; "he has gone to Europe!" Half the year Miss Closser spends acting, and the other half she devotes to motoring about, during which time she writes travel stories, which are illustrated by her husband, Mr. Walter Hale—an ideal partnership. One of her stories, "The Motor-Car Divorce," had a great success last year.

When Mr. George Edwardes produces "The Merry Widow" Mr. W. H. Berry may well pray to be saved from a repetition of his experience with "The Lady Dandies" or "The Little Cherub" at the Prince of Wales's. The former play was announced for production on a Saturday evening, and the morning before, Mr. George Graves, who was cast for St. Amour, the part more recently acted by Mr. Huntley Wright, was suddenly taken ill, and it was found impossible for him to appear. Mr. Berry was asked to take up the part, and he consented. He remained in the theatre from that morning until after the performance the next night, and so quick is his study that he did not miss a single word of the part.

Even more sensational, however, was his experience in "The Little Cherub." One night Mr. Fred Kaye, who was playing the leading part of the Earl of Sanctobury, was taken ill just before leaving for the theatre. His understudy was hurriedly sent for, but although he arrived at the theatre, he also was so ill that he had

to be sent home in a cab. By that time it was eight o'clock, and the curtain had to rise in a quarter of an hour, with nobody to play the leading part. Under the circumstances, Mr. Ellison, the stage manager, asked Mr. Berry to help him out of the difficulty. Although the actor knew nothing about the part except the scenes which he, as the valet, had with the Earl, he consented. He was already made up as the valet, and there was no time to do anything towards looking like the Earl except to powder his hair. He had his lines written out on menu-cards, letters, and newspapers, which were scattered about the stage, so that he could pick them up in an off-hand way and read them when he got his cues. Other lines he gagged, and when he came to a complete standstill he did conjuring tricks with the property fruit on the supper-table. By the next night, however, he knew the part, which he played for a month, when the play was re-written and called "The Girl on the Stage," and Mr. Willie Edouin took up the part.



THE WOMAN WHO RUNS A BIG AMERICAN THEATRE: MISS ELIZABETH SCHOBOR, MANAGER OF THE BUSH TEMPLE THEATRE, CHICAGO.

Miss Schober is the only woman in America who really runs a theatre and is responsible for every detail of management. She has just finished her third season. Her commercial training was gained while she directed the affairs of a shoe-factory in Dixon, Illinois. The Bush Temple Theatre has a stock company. Miss Schober, amongst other duties, engages the actors and the stage hands, selects the plays to be produced, and is an energetic critic at rehearsals.

Photograph by Koehne.

PRESCRIPTION: FRESH 'AIR!



GEORGE: I dunno' 'ow it is, Doctor, but since I've 'ad me 'air cut, I don't seem to be able to see so well as I did.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE beggar would be a rich man if he were paid in full for the benefits he confers upon the author. Lamb was hoisted on to the pinnacles of wisdom and the peaks of wit by the crutches of the rogues and vagabonds of the gutter. Stevenson walked on the white road, learning a new tolerance, his own rich gift, from a consumptive vagrant, and made delightful "copy" of his experience. He was indeed an expert in vagrancy. Mr. Locke has fallen under the fascination, not of a king, but of the Beloved Vagabond; and it is no uncommon sight to see Mr. Hilaire Belloc searching the lanes of Sussex, not for some like wanderer from Westminster, but for a companion of the road who has a wise word and a fellow-thirst (without the twopence) for the ale at the White Horse in Storrington. The result is that the *Morning Post*, of all papers, has become the beggar's organ; there he voices his views; there Mr. Hilaire Belloc introduces him to the egg-and-baconed breakfasts of the wealthy.

The "hobo" is the American "Weary Willie," and we learn of him from Mr. Osborn—not the Lloyd, in whom might have been suspected an hereditary affection for the tramp—from Mr. E. B. Osborn, in the *Monthly Review*. He writes a delightful article; passages are a valuable contribution to the literature of beggars. Of a new country, he is also a new type: he is a personage of ten toes. He says: "Here's six dollars in my pants, which I ain't worked for neither wid my ten fingers nor wid my ten toes." Then, and not till then, did Mr. Osborn notice his great toes, "which were worth as much to him as an extra pair of thumbs, and perhaps more. When he was speaking deliberately, the one would rub against the other caressingly; when he talked vehemently, they moved to and fro, or backwards and forwards, with incredible celerity. Twice also that forenoon, when a mosquito had settled on his shank, I saw him lift his lean, furtive foot, curved inwardly, and not only crush the insect, but also gently soothe the tiny wound with a long, meditative great toe."

"The Soul" is to have a library called by its own name—"The Library of the Soul." Each of its volumes—issued by Messrs. Jack, under the sympathetic editorship of Mr. Oliphant Smeaton—is an anthology, one of those great books in small space of which Crashaw sang. Thomas à Kempis, who was beloved as "a brother" by George Eliot, and who is often called a saint by the popular voice, though never technically canonised, fills one volume; and a second goes to those St. Augustine's "Confessions" in which another great woman, St. Theresa, saw her soul in the glass—she who no longer regarded her face's reflection in vanity's or tidiness's mirror. St. Augustine is very technically a saint; though, by a freak, that prefix is denied him

in the "Soul" prospectus that assigns "Augustine of Hippo" to the Bishop of Southampton, but St. Francis of Sales to Mr. Baring Gould. The label, however, has no sting in these variations, and an air of good-fellowship belongs to a series in which, among moderns, Cardinal Newman and Keble rub shoulders as once they did in the flesh in that Oriel common-room where so many wish they could then have been, but where Archdeacon Denison confesses he found himself considerably bored.

Mr. Alfred Noyes is a bold man, for he has bearded Mr. Bernard Shaw, the lion of the day, in his den—the den of the current Press that "G. B. S." has filled with his roars of laughter at his critics. It is in the *Bookman* that Mr. Noyes, forsaking poetry for the moment, takes prose for his besom and lays about on Mr. Bernard Shaw, in whom he sees so plainly the egoist, the bore, and the mountebank that, in Stevensonian phrase, he "sees no more at all." But ought anybody to doubt Mr. Shaw's elemental sincerity? It seems to me to be capable of proof before any at all sympathetic jury; and if that be so, the worst count that can be carried against Mr. Shaw is his own slight shame in his sincerity. He was finding himself when Henley and the rest were linking together earnestness and Tooting, strenuousness and Peckham; and he who has so extraordinarily developed a social sensitiveness that he has detained us with explanations that his father was really quite a gentleman cannot bear to be set down as suburban. But there are worse things than the suburbs. Indeed, the only really ugly suburban thing is the wish not to be thought suburban; and "G. B. S." in this respect, is Peckham to the tips of his ten fingers, and Tooting to the tips of his ten toes.

The purchase of the *Academy* by Sir Edward Tennant is now completed. If the publication of a weekly literary paper of the kind, other than the unassailable

Athenæum, has been found to offer no commercial temptations, the "patron" may well be called in. You may have to play a losing game; but be sure that a game it is! If a paper is not an investment, it ought at least to be a diversion. Under Lord Alfred Douglas, this formula may very well be realised. He has a pretty wit that is very much his monopoly; and he claims cousinship with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Mr. George Wyndham, men always responsive to the call of the blood. His wife is a verse-writer, which, when not in itself a very important function, usually implies a sensibility to good prose; and his cousin, Lady Tennant, has seen village life with discerning eyes and written of it with a sincere sweetness of diction proper to the theme. Lord Alfred should have no difficulty in finding for his *Academy* a Forty that will fill its pages acceptably for a fairly extensive and uninterested constituency.

M. E.



A CHOICE OF TWO EVILS.

THE SMALL BOY: Now, what shall I do? If I go an inch further the branch 'll break; an' if I go back, Billie Smith, who's lighter 'an me, 'll come along and get them eggs.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

WAS IT FAIR—TO FORTY?

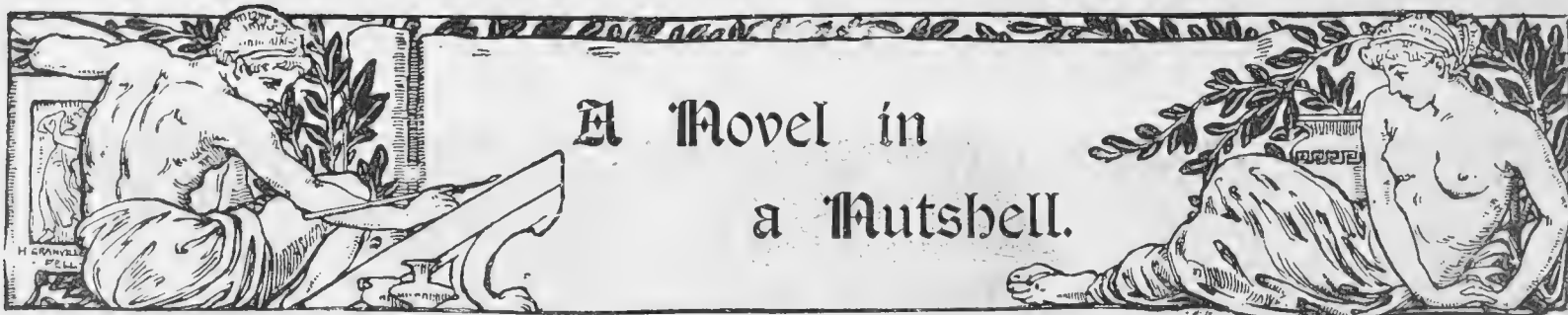


HE: So you persist in breaking off the engagement?

SHE: Most decidedly. What do you take me for?

HE: Oh, about forty. Better think it over; it may be your last chance.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A QUESTION OF DIPLOMACY.

BY G. STANLEY ELLIS.



THE Lieutenant and Sergeant Harding went up the river to take the road for Bamboa. Forward and amidships the black men sweated at the paddles, and aft the white men, sitting idle, sweated likewise. In the blue-black shadows of the trees they all sweated in the humid air, and the white men aft got as far as the small ship would allow them from their black fellow-creatures. The night fell, and the mists rose from the mangrove swamps, and showed pestilently white in the dense blackness of the tropical night. Then black and white alike sweated cold, and shivered through the short night of fever. The day broke all of a sudden, and the white men, with chattering teeth, took their morning dose of quinine, as much powder as would cover a sixpence. Soon they left the river and took the rough track that leads northwards through the forest to Bamboa. The white men lay and sweated in their hammocks, while the black men, changed from boatmen into bearers, sweated and grunted under their burdens as they had done at their paddles.

"Charmin' preparation for the nerves, Hardin'," said the Lieutenant.

"For what, Sir?" asked Harding, trying to infuse into the respectful tones of the N.C.O. a suspicion of offence that, in a place where the difference between black and white is much greater than the difference between the commissioned and the non-commissioned ranks, he had not been informed of the reason of the visit they were making.

"For the conflict I'm goin' through when we get to Bamboa, Hardin'."

"Yes, Sir," said Harding, with a trace of interrogation in his voice, but too offended yet to ask a direct question.

"Anyone of your inquiren' mind, Hardin', will possibly have noticed since bein' on the Coast, that there have been not infrequent differences of opinion between our next-door neighbours and ourselves touchin' our respective frontiers."

"Having, Sir, been, I believe, of some assistance to you in bluffing them time after time about those frontiers, I have," said Harding. His fixed idea was that he had bluffed our friends the enemy, and had been occasionally assisted by the Lieutenant. But he didn't quite like to put it thus baldly to his superior officer.

"Now the Colonial Office has intimated, quite unofficially, you know, that there's a strong feelin' now in England in favour of bein' friendly with our friends, don't you know. So the Colonial Office has suggested to me that it's had enough of my writin' complaints home about the other people, and we must avoid friction and be a happy family. We mustn't quarrel, and if we bluff, we must bluff in such a manner that nobody notices it, even after the event."

"Which is almost as much as to say, Sir, we mustn't bluff at all."

"Almost. And I've been told that I'd better meet Captain Blanc and settle matters with him without worryin' his masters and ours, who are too busy drinkin' one another's healths and lettin' off fireworks in one another's honour to be bothered."

"I always thought duelling was forbidden in the English Army, Sir."

"What has duellin' to do with it?"

"If you're to meet Captain Blanc and settle it with him, Sir, I don't see any other way—"

"What a thick-headed chap you are, Hardin'! This isn't a blessed war: this is a conference of the Powers. We've to be as friendly as we can, but we're not to give anythin' away for nothin'. My instructions are to be kind but firm, and if we can't agree on the boundary-line, I shall just pack my kit-bag and come home. That I should call any place hereabouts home! I know jolly well from my letters that Captain Blanc's old folks at home are not willin' to back him up very far. They want peace at any price, while, to do our chaps justice, though they don't want to be bothered, they'll back us up through thick and thin once we call on them for help."

"You're both pleni—pleni—what-d'you-call-its, then, Sir?"

"Got it in once, Hardin'. If I find we can't agree, I shall just out and tell you at once to get my kit-bag packed, so that we may waste no time in trekkin' after the sittin' is all over. For I shall give him just one sittin' after I've made up my mind he's impracticable, just to prevent his havin' a chance of sayin' we've jumped at the chance of breakin' off negotiations."

"Then when you tell me to get your kit-bag packed, Sir, I may know that peace is off, and there's a chance of promotion?"

"You may be quite sure, Hardin', that the worst will have come to the worst when I tell you to get my kit-bag packed."

"Did you notice, Sir," asked Harding, when they were encamped for the night, "the ears of your near leader when you were talking of the conference and the packing up? Heaven forgive me for speaking in such terms of human beings who are supposed—though I, for one, see no outward and visible signs of it—to have souls."

"The bearer on the port bow, d'you mean?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes, Sir."

"No. I noticed nothin'. Are his ears bigger than the ordinary run of niggers' ears?"

"No, Sir. But according to what Sergeant Big Tom told me, they're a bit longer than most. That's the man he says sends word to Captain Blanc of anything we don't want him to know. And I saw his ears twitch. I told you Big Tom's idea before you picked the bearers for the journey."

"So you did, Hardin'. Stupid of me to forget it, and to post him to my own dhooly, where he's sure to overhear everythin'."

And yet Harding didn't think the Lieutenant looked as if he realised the full seriousness of his plans being carried to the enemy's ears.

"Delighted, most delighted, to see you once more, my dear Sir," said Captain Blanc the next day, as he met the little procession outside the walls of Bamboa. "Especially," and he smoothed his nicely waxed moustache, for he was the only man in the Hinterland whose stock of Pomade Hongroise never ran out, and passed his hand mechanically over his smoothly shaven chin as he gazed at the Lieutenant's and Harding's chins bristling like the barrel of a musical-box—"especially as our business is this time entirely that of peace."

"I'm glad your Government has impressed the same thing on you as mine has on me," said the Lieutenant. "Anythin' in reason for an amicable settlement of our little differences?"

"Just what they told me, my dear Lieutenant. Anything—in reason. And here is also my old friend, Sergeant Harding, who has amiably seconded you in your efforts to keep my poor country out of Africa. More than that, he has come near to getting me shot, quite by accident, of course. Ah, that might have been a most unlucky accident for your colony, but it would have been a most unlucky accident for me. But there, Sergeant Harding, I bear no malice. You English are a nation of shopkeepers, and it's all in the way of business, I know. It's my business to risk being shot, just as it's your business to shoot me if possible—by accident."

"Yes, Sir," said Harding, somewhat sheepishly. "It may be an error of judgment to shoot at a man. It is always a crime to shoot and miss."

"Come, gentlemen," said Captain Blanc, "you are my guests, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves and will not hesitate to ask me for anything with which I can supply you. Let us be friends to-day, even if we have to fight over the delimitation to-morrow. Is there anything I can get for you, my dear Lieutenant?"

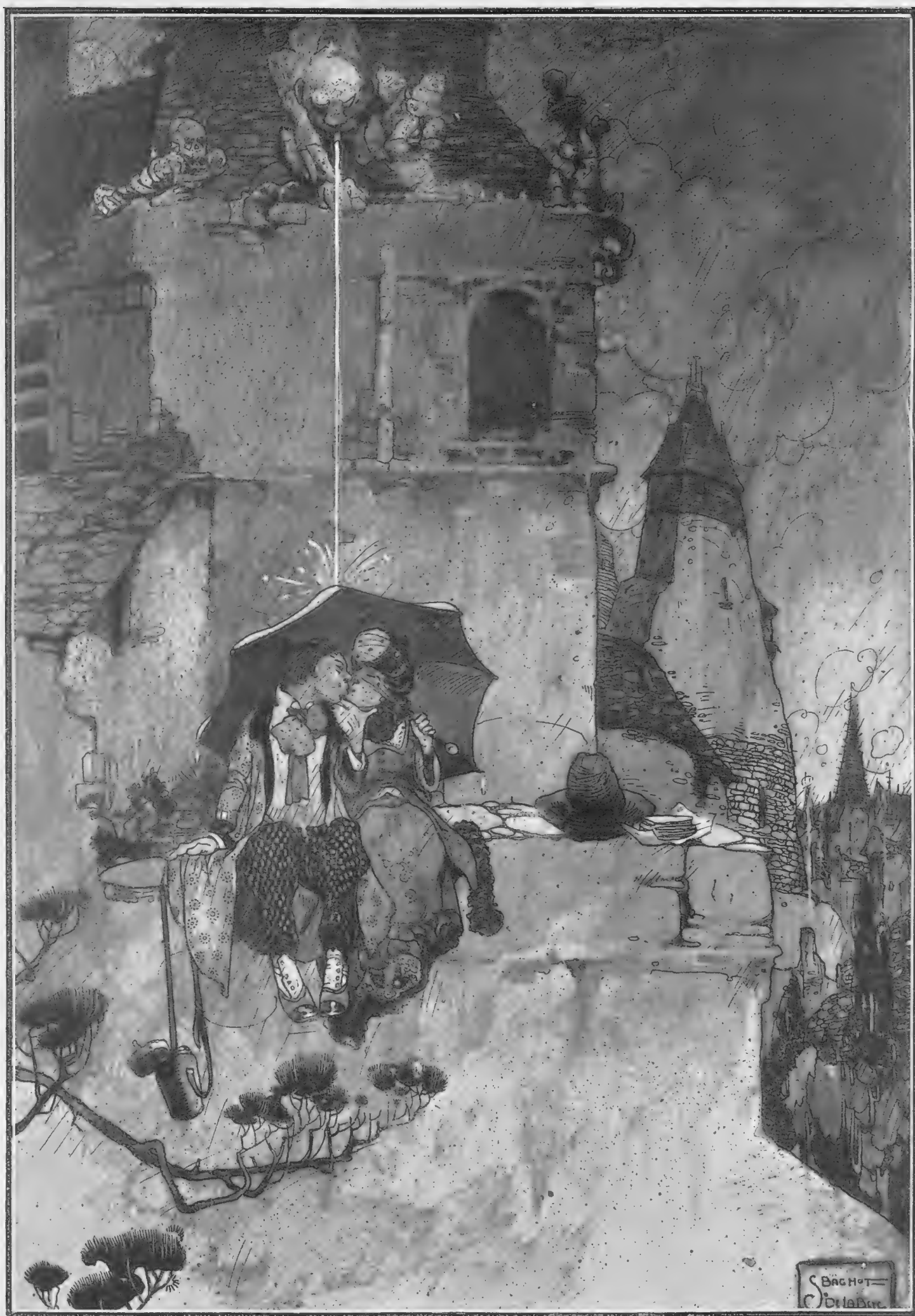
"There is somethin'," said the Lieutenant. "But I hardly like to ask for it, because you probably want all you've got; and, really, I don't use it very much, you know, except on Sundays."

"What is it, my dear Lieutenant?"

"It's difficult to get here, don't you know," said the Lieutenant diffidently, "and that's my only excuse for asking you for it."

(Continued overleaf.)

LOVE IN A SHOWER.



WHO CARES?

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

"What is it?"

"You won't mind sayin' 'No' if it's very inconvenient for you to give it to me?"

"Of course not."

"It's just a tube of Pomade Hongroise. I'll give you several times its weight in gold, but I can't eat soup here without getting my moustache in my mouth."

"I think I can manage that for you," said Captain Blanc with a laugh. "And is there anything with which I can provide you, Sergeant Harding?"

"Can't say that there is, Sir. Some of your presents have been something like gifts that the dev—that fairies and enchanters give people in nursery tales, and that do just what the folks wanted them to do in the letter, but just the opposite in the spirit."

"'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' eh, Sergeant Harding?" said Captain Blanc.

"I don't speak French myself, Sir," said Sergeant Harding. "But I've no doubt you've put it right."

"Come on, then. Pleasure first, business afterwards." And he shot his spotless white cuffs over his knuckles. "To-day we shall enjoy ourselves as fellow-soldiers. To-morrow we shall conflict as rival diplomatists."

To-morrow came. Comradeship was put well away. Captain Blanc and the Lieutenant were closeted inside the room which served as the Colonial Office of our dear friends the late enemy. All day they sat with old faulty maps and newer, faultier maps, and parallel rulers, and wished to heaven that Nature had made rivers to run, mountains to tower, and seas to erode, rectilinearly, that colonies might be laid out like an American town. They discussed, they argued, they disputed. There is no doubt they would have quarrelled bitterly, each in his own way, the Captain somewhat energetically, the Lieutenant with the frigidity of the well-born Englishman—and that is probably the more deadly way of quarrelling—had they not had the fear of their respective Governments behind them.

"It is useless going on," said Captain Blanc. "We had better suspend the sitting for the morning, and then we can get our lunch. Perhaps after lunch, my dear Lieutenant, you may feel in a more reasonable frame of mind. I am sure, if you carry out the wishes of your Government, you will do everything in reason to settle matters amicably."

"As you yourself said, Sir, when we met you yesterday: anythin'—in reason. But what you ask is not in reason—for you ask everythin' in dispute, and are willin' to give way in nothin'."

"Well, well, after lunch, perhaps, we may both be more amiable."

So they lunched, and Harding was invited to lunch. Captain Blanc belonged to a Republican country, so, naturally, he didn't like to have a ranker sitting at the same table with him; but, as host, he couldn't well help the invitation. The Lieutenant, being of an aristocratic caste, didn't mind, once he knew that a white man was white all through, sharing his rations with a sergeant, or even, a far greater mark of comradeship, taking a share of the sergeant's rations.

So Captain Blanc and the Lieutenant talked of everything as far removed as possible from frontiers and the delimitations thereof. And Harding listened silently and uncomfortably. With his own officer he would have chatted freely enough. But Society, and part of that Republican, was far and away above his head.

"And now, my dear Lieutenant," said Captain Blanc, "just a short sleep before we proceed with our arduous work. The better the temper we are each in, the better chance we have of settling things to the mutual benefit of our respective countries. So, may you sleep well, my dear Lieutenant."

"And may you sleep even better than I, Captain Blanc," said the Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant and Harding sat together. The latter's position prevented his asking what had happened during the morning, but he took care to look as near a note of interrogation as he could.

"In reply to your kind inquiry, Hardin'," said the Lieutenant, looking at him quizzically, "nothin'. We have played very light while feintin' to hit hard. We have been askin' each other for a lot of things—and seemin' to lose our tempers because we didn't get them—that neither of us wants and which each of us is quite ready to give up to the other."

"What do you want then, Sir?" asked Harding, emboldened by his superior's frankness to ask a downright question this time.

"What do we want, Hardin'? Why, we both want—"

Just then, Harding so far forgot discipline and the respect due to his superior as to lay his hand on that superior's thigh and to pinch it hard.

"What the dev—" began the Lieutenant.

But Harding whispered hurriedly, "That bearer with the long ears, Sir—he's listening."

"Nonsense," said the Lieutenant. Then he added in a loud and distinct voice, and speaking very slowly and deliberately—

"What we both want is Manda. The other people want it because they think there's gold there. I know, although some has been found, there's no more gold there, because I know the man who salted it with grains of gold fired out of an old smooth-bore. But, as a point of honour, we shall have it, even if I involve the two Powers in war."

"Remember the man with the long ears," said Harding, in a state of holy terror and a whisper.

The Lieutenant gave him a long and comprehensive wink which Harding took as an acknowledgment of error, till the Lieutenant smacked him heartily on the shoulder, and almost shouted—

"Manda or wa. Manda or you pack my kit-bag, and that means the end."

Then the long-eared vanished.

The afternoon sitting began with a sweetness worthy of honey. Surely those sleeps must have been sound. Point after point which had been raised by one or other was brought forward only to be at once thrown to the wolves by its originator. There seemed to be a self-denial race toward, and self-denial was not usually a particularly strong characteristic of either the Captain or the Lieutenant.

"My instructions from my Government," said Captain Blanc, "were to give way all possible in order to come to a friendly understanding. Now I think," and he shot his right cuff a little, and contemplated pensively his perfectly trimmed nails, "I have given way in almost everything. Have I not?"

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, "and you must admit that I have done the same."

"Certainly—this afternoon. Now there is one thing on which my Government has given me no discretion. That is Manda. My Government insists on having Manda."

"So does mine," said the Lieutenant.

"Then I fear we must part without coming to any conclusion. That is a great pity after you have had such a tiresome journey up here."

While waiting for an answer, Captain Blanc pulled out of his pocket a little washleather bag, about the length of a man's middle finger. From this he took a small brush, rather like a soft tooth-brush with the handle cut short. Then he took out a small, ivory-backed folding mirror, in which he surveyed his moustache, while he carefully smoothed it with the brush.

"Yes, it's a pity," said the Lieutenant.

"Is it not?" said Captain Blanc absently. "Pomaded moustaches never look so well as curled moustaches. But then the hot curling irons will make the hairs come out so. I beg your pardon, you were saying—"

"I was sayin'," said the Lieutenant, not knowing whether to feel amused or to despise this little dandy, so taken up with his appearance at such an important juncture, that might mean European peace or war. "I was sayin' it was a pity to come all this way up for nothin'."

Then he thought he'd feel amused only. For here was the little dandy at the back of the bush, taking his life in his hand every day, and from morning till night; and, most especially, from night back to morning again. Truly he had many characteristics which were more feminine than masculine. Not that women wax their moustaches, but they curl their hair, which is the same idea. At the same time, Captain Blanc had most of the best masculine characteristics. If he chose to dress for the Hinterland as if he were going to a garden-party, surely that was his own affair.

"Yes. It is a great pity," said the Captain again. "I wish your Government had given you some kind of discretion about Manda."

"It's the one point on which they didn't," said the Lieutenant. "Excuse me one moment." He went to the door, which he opened. "Sergeant Harding," he bellowed, "get my kit-bag packed."

"Very good, Sir," replied Harding.

Then the Lieutenant returned to the Council Chamber and shut the door.

"You have absolutely no discretion to make a reasonable compromise?" asked the Captain.

"Not a shade."

"Then, Lieutenant, as my Government is so set on peace, I must reluctantly take upon myself discretion to give up Manda. My superiors will probably relieve me of my command, but I cannot, seeing how much my friends wish for peace, assume the responsibility of making war."

They shook hands, both feeling rather mean.

"By the way, Lieutenant," said Captain Blanc, "I understand the gold-mines at Manda were salted."

"So I've been told," said the Lieutenant.

The sweating bearers bore the sweating white men once more through the forest.

"Are you quite sure, Sir," asked Harding, "that those mines at Manda were salted? I've heard something about them, and the general idea was that they were good."

"To talk on some subjects from one litter to another, Sergeant Hardin'," said the Lieutenant, cocking his eye at the near leader, "is to discuss rather too publicly. Some of our friends have long ears."

"But you didn't mind before, Sir—"

"Nor shall I mind another time," replied the Lieutenant, lowering his voice so that his words did not reach the pricked black right ear, "when I have equally authentic misinformation which I wish to reach the same quarter."

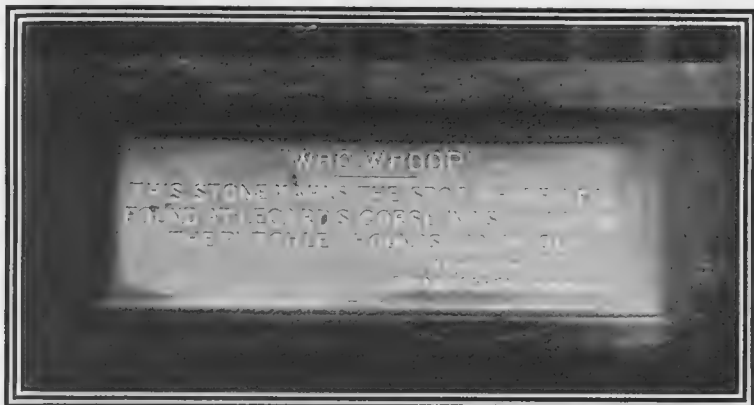
THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

ALL sorts of important people who, as a rule, studiously avoid being connected with any form of charity fête are interesting themselves in the great operatic matinée which takes place next Tuesday (28th). The Duchess of Connaught is the presiding genius of the affair, and her Royal Highness, who is very musical, has obtained an imposing list of artists, including Madame Melba, who on this occasion will actually make her first appearance in "La Tosca," singing the second act, which is by far the most dramatic, and from a musical point of view the most interesting,

was delighted, and was anxious to know in what way he could oblige him. There was nothing that the Englishman wanted beyond the pleasure of meeting him—nothing except one little item. "What was that?" the Prince asked, all excitement. "It is for the babies," said the visitor. The Prince looked surprised. "I want some rusks for my babies," repeated the Englishman. He was instantly assured that he could get them from the shop of any baker in the capital: No; but those would not do. They must come from the kitchen of the Tsar. "Comment donc!" exclaimed Gortschakoff. "I am going to the Council of Ministers, and on my way will stop at the Grand Marechal's. Milord, you shall have your rusks." And he did.



IN MEMORY OF THE EXPLOIT OF A HUNTED FOX: THE TABLET ERECTED ON A WALL AT KETTERING BY LORD ANNALY, MASTER OF THE PYCHLEY HOUNDS.

The fox had leaped up the wall when he was caught.

portion of the opera. The charity benefited is the Royal Albert Orphanage, at Bagshot, an institution in which both the Duke and Duchess of Connaught take a keen personal interest. This will be the only morning performance given at the Opera House this season, and a good many invalids and delicate people who cannot go out at night will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing the great "stars" amid ideal surroundings.

A Sensational Biography.

When the forthcoming volumes of Letters of Queen Victoria have been thoroughly enjoyed and digested by the public, the long-awaited biography of Lord Beaconsfield will be published. Many people must envy Mr. W. F. Monypenny the intensely interesting task over which he has already spent two to three years. Although it is whispered that he has a plethora of material, Mr. Monypenny has again just made a public request for any letters likely to assist him in his work. The biographer of "Dizzy" would probably have found favour in that great statesman's sight, for he has had an interesting and even, an adventurous career, both in political journalism, as assistant editor of the *Times*, and even more as editor of the Johannesburg *Star*, for he served through the siege of Ladysmith with the Imperial Light Horse.

A Sound Test.

The Colonial Premiers have had an example of the game of war played by our men—that is, an example as near as mock fighting and killing could make it. They have not seen anything more realistic in the manoeuvres at Whale Island than has been tried before now, preparatory to actual fighting. When the British forces were getting ready to demolish those of Arabi Pasha, an officer now famous got permission to try his hand at a gun-bearing railway train. Beginning with a Gatling, and developing with heavier metal, he got at last to a 40-pounder, and reported to his superior officer that he had made a perfectly successful trial. The General was a little doubtful as to the capability of the gun-carriage to withstand the recoil of the gun. He was assured that that was all right. The daring innovator had taken a run out to El Mex, and had fired a couple of shots into a Bedouin camp there, and the truck had stood it perfectly. What the peaceful desert wanderers had thought of the trial history does not record.

The Imperial Rusks.

The many Ententes bring men of light and leading, representatives of the nations friendly, into strange company, and it is well not to be taken by surprise by anything that happens when international visits are toward in this country or abroad. Sir Horace Rumbold while in St. Petersburg had good reason to remember this when the Lord Milton of the period appeared there with his charming wife and expressed a desire to meet Prince Gortschakoff. The Chancellor

A "Zoo" Tragedy.

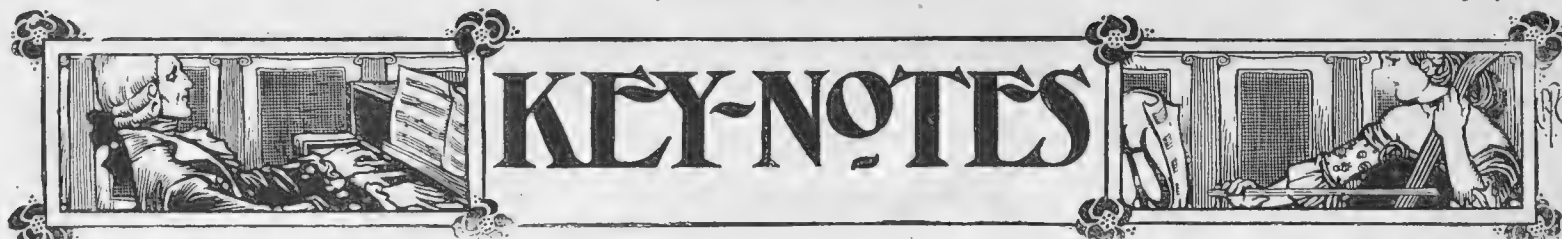
We have heard a good deal of the practice of feeding snakes at the "Zoo" on live animals, and everybody who cares for animals will be glad that, as far as possible, the reptiles will be invited to dine off dead game. The feeding of the "Zoo" inmates is a tremendous business. No valetudinarian human needs more humouring than some of the wild creatures brought thither from distant sunny lands; and certainly no professional nurse is more clever in getting patients to accept food than are the "Zoo" keepers. We never hear of a "Zoo" suicide, which in itself is something of a feather in the keepers' caps. Animals do commit suicide without doubt. The late Lord Dufferin saw for himself an example of it. Two giant tigers were taken to a Zoological Gardens while he was in India. They had fed right heartily en route in their travelling-cages, but as soon as they were removed to the greater freedom of their new homes they changed their tactics and determined on suicide. They were tried with everything that could appeal to a tigerish palate, but nothing was effective, not even the tenderest mutton. They deliberately starved themselves to death.

SOPHIE, PRINCESS VON HOHENBERG.



£2000 FOR A CHRYSANTHEMUM: THE SADA YACCO BLOOM BOUGHT BY SOPHIE, PRINCESS VON HOHENBERG FOR THE FABULOUS SUM NAMED.

A music exhibition held at Trieste, under the presidency of the Archduchess Friedrich, was a failure, and to pay off the debts incurred, a number of Austrian ladies organised a flower-show. Among the visitors to this was Sophie, Princess von Hohenberg, wife of the heir to the Austrian throne, who, after asking how much money was still wanted, and learning that £2000 would set matters straight, paid that sum for the single bloom shown.



It is interesting to note that French musical criticism stands well apart from French political considerations, and that the long-expected production of "Salome" in Paris has been judged on its merits. This being the case, it is not surprising to read criticism that partakes largely of the nature of eulogy. French

musical art has little or nothing in common with the present German school. Modern writers have tended to imitate the weaknesses of the best French composers, and to receive nothing from their best qualities. With the exception of Claude Debussy, composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," it is hard to find a French composer to-day who seems likely to outlive his own generation. The current of inspiration appears to be running dry. It is possible that Strauss may renew the strength of the French musicians, for art has no boundaries, and Frau Destinn's Salome has been quite as warmly applauded in Paris as her Madame Butterfly is applauded in London. There is much that perplexes and that displeases in "Salome," and it would have been as easy to find fault with it as it was to deride

with the aid of some striking and melodious numbers, it is undeniable that the opera does not grip the spectator. The most thrilling moments fail to be effective because the inspiration that goes to their making is the inspiration of an accomplished musician, not that of a man who has any definite or clear artistic conception of the great Biblical tragedy.

At the Queen's Hall, of course, where the scenic accessories were wanting, the music had to stand by itself, and despite the aid granted by the interpreters, its weaknesses were manifest.

German opera at Covent Garden is now nearly at an end for the time being, and looking back to the fine performances of the "Ring" Cycle the two dominant reflections are concerned with the development of the English singer and the regrettable absence of a tenor of the first class. Fame and fortune await the ideal Siegfried, the ideal Siegmund, but, alas! neither the one nor the other is forthcoming. Another Jean de Reszke could save many a long passage from becoming dull, and in the absence of a singer who can dominate the music, the strain upon enthusiasm is a very severe one. With artists of the calibre of Herron Knüpfer, Raboth, Van Rooy, Whitehill, and Zador, the parts of Hunding, Hagen, Wotan, and Alberich could not be presented in more splendid fashion; while English singers like Kirkby Lunn, Agnes Nicholls, and others have shown how thoroughly German music can be understood, how splendidly it can be interpreted in this country. But the ideal tenor is still to seek, and until he arrives the genius of Wagner will not find the fullest expression. This is the more to be regretted because the "Ring" performances at Covent Garden, directed by Dr. Richter and supported by the full resources of the Grand Opera Syndicate, reach the high-water mark of operatic achievement in this country, and there is no doubt that if the tenor could be found his services would be secured. To be sure, the difficulties of the part are enormous, and demand a man who combines the talents of actor and singer in a very high degree; but this is an age of great musical achievement—it is hard



"SALOME" IN PARIS: FRAU DESTINN, WHO SANG SALOME.

Frau Destinn met with considerable success in the character, and her singing was magnificent.

Photograph by Lundt.

Wagner and his theories five-and-twenty years ago. The sober judgment of French critical opinion is of the utmost value, because it shows that art affords a happy meeting-ground for the representatives of every civilised community.

The London Choral Society's experiment in producing "Samson and Delilah" at the Queen's Hall last week was at once interesting and unfortunate. It was interesting because it must have suggested to many unprejudiced hearers that the Censor's prohibition has invested M. Saint-Saëns' opera with a value altogether fictitious. It was unfortunate because it served effectively to shatter the halo that persecution always weaves round a work that is well known. As a matter of fact, M. Saint-Saëns has failed in this opera because in writing it he never lost the feeling of a nineteenth-century European, and he sought to allow sweetness to take the place of strength. There is some really charming music scattered about the opera; the Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon in the first act is most pleasing, even though it is scarcely Eastern, and Delilah's first song, though not equal to the more popular one in the second act, must have done a great deal to secure for the work the measure of popularity it has achieved; but even



"SALOME" IN PARIS: Mlle. TROUHANOVA, WHO DANCED SALOME.

Mlle. Trouhanova, of the Monte Carlo Opera, impersonated Salome for the Dance of the Seven Veils.



THE BOYS WHO SANG OUTSIDE QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE'S APARTMENTS AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS: THE KING OF SPAIN'S PRIVATE CHOIR.

King Alfonso gave instructions that his private choir of boys, who sing in the Royal Chapel at Madrid, were to sing a special hymn of thanksgiving outside Queen Victoria Eugénie's apartments on the day following the birth of her child.

to believe that there has been a time in musical history when more was accomplished. Germany has laid musical development in the nineteenth century under a heavy load of obligation; it is a pity that she cannot supply tenors capable of giving the fullest possible interpretation to the music of her own great master.—COMMON CHORD.



ABOLISH UNNECESSARY NOISE—THE RIGHT SORT OF SIGNAL—A NEW CAR FOR THE PRINCESS OF WALES—THE ISLE OF MAN AND DATES—
THE ART OF CAR-WASHING—THE COMBINATION OF HOODS AND SCREENS.

THE new Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club has made a public appeal to motorists in general concerning the constant abuse of those abominations of abominations—the siren and the exhaust cut-out. Mr. C. D. Rose naïvely remarks that the attention of the Club Committee has been called to the growing nuisance of these detestable means of signalling the approach of a motor-car, and he begs all motorists to assist the Committee in an honest endeavour to put a stop to what promises soon to become an intolerable nuisance to all self-respecting motorists and the general public alike. Mr. Rose suggests the immediate abandonment of these blood-curdling and ear-splitting devices, lest worse befall us. I trust all offending motorists will hearken to his call at once, and that the exasperating screech of the siren and the ear-splitting bark of the exhaust cut-out will be heard no more in the land.

But those who have become accustomed to the use of these things, and recall the futility of the warning afforded by the squeeze-bulb horn, will at once suggest that the obstinacy, if not the actual deafness of the public is at the bottom of their employment, and will ask how, in deference to Mr. Rose's appeal, they are to go back to instruments to which the average road-user now pays no attention. Speaking for myself, I do not think a return to the more or less melodious intermittent trump is necessary, when it is possible to

In my notes of last week I suggested that Wednesday, the 29th inst., would prove a more than busy day in the Isle of Man. It was the date originally fixed for the decision of the Tourist Trophy Race and the Heavy Touring Car event; but since I penned that statement the Lieutenant-Governor and the Highway Board of the Isle of Man have again altered their minds, and have asked that the date should be changed to Thursday, May 30, with the *Graphic* Cup Race on the following day. Having regard to the inconvenience caused to all the makers who have built cars for the Trophy event by the advancing of the date



A ROUGH ROAD FOR RIVAL CARS: AN UPHILL PART OF THE TRACK FOR THE PEKIN-PARIS DRIVE.

The start will be made from Pekin on June 10, and the course lies over Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, along Southern Siberia, through the Urals, past Birk, and so on to Moscow, Posen, Berlin, Cologne, and Paris. There are eighteen entries. It is thought that the winning competitors will cover the 6200 miles of the route in between three and four weeks. At present the fastest time for the journey is about twelve days, by the Trans-Siberian Railway.

of the race from the autumn to the spring, it is not unlikely that Ireland may be the scene of the competition next year.

I am sure that some well-recommended coachman retired might earn quite a respectable addition to his pension were he to go the round of public and private garages, and offer to give lessons in carriage-washing as it should be done. The average driver who is expected to wash his car has no more knowledge of the art of carriage-washing—for it is quite an art—than the man in the moon. In nine cases out of ten he will spoil the most perfectly finished surfaces in a month or two, when the methodical, painstaking carriage-painter is blamed for what is not at all his fault. Greasy water, and dirty, slimy leathers, abominations to the old coachman, are the every-day use of the car-driver. Nor is he averse from the use of paraffin, a varnish-murderer.

The combination of hoods and screens on sporting motor-cars requires careful study if the maximum exemption from drifting rain and draughts is to be enjoyed therefrom. Unless knowledge and experience are brought to bear upon the matter the rear part of the car will, when both screen and hood are up against the weather, be found a veritable cave of the winds; while the rapid passage of the car through the air will drive the wet in 'twixt screen and hood, to the drenching of the occupants of the front seat. Now Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street, the makers of the well-known Cromwell Wind-Screen, have made this combination a study; and, with hood and screen fitted by them, the sporting-car will be found as dry and draughtless as can be desired in the most furious of head winds or rain-storms.



THE 6200 MILES' MOTOR DRIVE FROM PEKIN TO PARIS: A ROUGH ROAD FOR THE COMPETING CARS.

cause the exhaust to sound a long, low note on a tuneful, mellifluous whistle, or to carry such a signalling arrangement as the Wagner Electric Horn, the reed of which is vibrated by means of an electric current, and can be tuned to give a really desirable and inoffensive note. Such a horn is invaluable for indicating one's presence to carters and wagoners, for though the sound emitted is no louder than that of a squeeze-bulb horn, it carries thrice the distance.

A new 28-h.p. Daimler car is upon the point of being delivered for the town use of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The body, which is by Messrs. H. J. Mulliner and Co., of Brook Street, Hanover Square, W.C., and Bedford Park, is of the brougham type, most comfortably and luxuriously furnished and equipped. The carriage is, moreover, very quietly and tastefully finished in dark green and black, and is a veritable miracle of the coach-painter's art. The panels look like mirrors, and are like silk to the touch. Nevertheless, there is nothing to denote the car's august ownership save a very small crown with her Royal Highness's monogram on each door-panel. The carriage is particularly unobtrusive, and immaculately correct.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ROYALTY RACING—MANCHESTER—SECOND-FAVOURITE BACKING.

It is but seldom now that we see his Majesty in the paddock when he attends a race-meeting, although he scans the horses for the big events through his field-glasses as they parade in front of the stands. The King is said to be a good judge of a racehorse; so is Prince Christian. The latter likes to look the horses over previous to their being saddled, and he is always out in the early morning at Ascot and Goodwood to see what work is being done. The Duke of Connaught generally has one or two turns in the paddock when he attends the Ascot meeting. So does the Prince of Wales. Both, seemingly, are very fond of noting the make, shape, and condition of famous performers. The late Duke of Cambridge never missed a paddock inspection when he was at a race-meeting, and he did not hesitate to pronounce his opinion on the competitors. The late Lord Russell of Killowen was very fond of witnessing morning work; so was the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Justice Bucknill can now be often seen galloping his cob on Epsom Downs when the thoroughbreds are being put through their paces. One of the most ardent followers of the work at Goodwood is Mrs. Chaloner, of Newmarket, the mother of George Chaloner, the trainer. Mounted on her pony, Mrs. Chaloner is out betimes, wet or fine, and sees all the gallops. Mr. Somerville Tattersall is an interested spectator of the early work at the meetings he attends.

The new course at Castle Irwell has caught on at last, and with a real live board of directors at the head of affairs it is very likely soon to revert to the 40 per cent. dividends that were often paid when the venture was carried on at New Barns. The club is a great deal stronger than it was, yet I think there should be more members, seeing what a big racing centre Manchester is. Lord Marcus Beresford, who manages the club, has worked wonders, and the subscription-list must be a fairly heavy one, though not up to the Sandown or Kempton level.

However, the cheaper parts of the "house" are invariably well patronised, and it is really surprising to see what a number of women always attend the Manchester meetings. And they do their own betting too. They study the card and the form-books, and get to work very cautiously. They are not led by golden finals or newspaper tips, but simply think for themselves, and think successfully at times. The Lancashire women do not back horses because the animals have pretty names, neither do they back them on account of the pretty colours worn by their jockeys. They follow according to their own reading of it, and as often as not have to draw from the bookies. The Whit meeting this year will be a big attraction, and there should be a good contest for the Cup. My finals will be found in another column.

A leading commission agent writes as follows—

I was somewhat interested in your article in *The Sketch* in reference to "systems," and I note that in this article you make mention of the fact that starting-price bookmakers will not accept instructions for second favourites, or work the "second-favourite system" for backers. This may be the general rule amongst bookmakers, but it might interest

A LADY TRAVELLER'S OUTFIT CARRIED IN THE HAND: A 30-LB. COSTUME FOR THE "EXPLORATRICE."

A French paper has discovered what it believes to be the ideal costume for the lady explorer, invented by a London tailor. It is claimed that the dress is not only light, but specially adapted to rough usage.

you to know that I have taken commissions for second favourites, and worked the "second-favourite system" for clients for some years past. When I served my apprenticeship at the business of bookmaking it was the prevalent idea that bookmakers could not win by laying second favourites; but I went carefully into the matter and came to the conclusion that, whilst backers of second favourites might win by choosing their races, there was nothing in their favour at the finish if they persistently backed second favourites throughout any meeting. The only reason that I can give for this fact—and I state it as a fact, having learnt from practical experience that I could get a profit by laying second favourites—is that betting nowadays is much more cramped than it was years ago, genuine betting being confined to fewer horses. The prices, therefore, that can be obtained against second favourites are shorter now than they were then—in fact, in a number of races there is nothing to choose between first and second favourites, both for money and in price. I am writing you on this point as I thought it might be of interest to you, and you might possibly make "copy" of the information at some future time.

I thank my correspondent for the interesting facts contained in his letter, and I can quite see how pinched prices could defeat the ends of second-favourite backers. All the same, I contend that the proportion of second favourites that win is a capital average, although I am quite capable of seeing that these would no longer remain second favourites if they were backed at the post previous to the fall of the flag. The late Mr. Sam Davis, and I believe also the late "Owen Hall," both backed penalised horses in handicaps—not a bad system. It was highly successful in the Tyrant and Goldseeker days. A correspondent who patronised the totalisator at Epsom recently got extraordinary returns for his money. He got 45 to 1 about Father Blind, 28 to 1 Romney, 33 to 1 Pieman, and 10 to 1 Pieman for a place.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Palace in a Dream.

The late Empress of Austria showed herself a poet when she built the Achilleion, that beautiful Palace in a Dream on the Island of Corfu. It was there, indeed, that the most unfortunate of Empresses indulged to the full her two innocent tastes—namely, reading verse and walking among the mountains. It was there that she erected a statue to her favourite lyricist, he who declared himself “neither Jew nor Christian, but Greek”—Heinrich Heine. No more beautifully “placed” abode exists, perhaps, in the world; and Corfu, though thoroughly Greek in character, is near enough to Italy and Western Europe to make it no great journey thither. Standing on a mountain-side, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the capital, the Achilleion dominates the bluest of seas and a panorama of promontory, bay, and distant mountain-chain not to be matched even on the Mediterranean. Entirely and dazzlingly white, with open loggias and columns and caryatides, it has none of the oppressive ornament peculiar to most regal abodes, and might have been the sumptuous dwelling-place of a fairy princess. The stiletto of an Anarchist put an end to the dreams and the walks of its sorrowful owner (how typical of our time is the whole story!), and now the Emperor William, also an expert in scenery, has bought the place. The Kaiser has been so much to Norway that his thoughts are naturally enough beginning to turn to the more radiant Mediterranean; and what, indeed, boots it to be Cæsar if you cannot have some such Imperial prerogative as this shining marble palace set against a cobalt sky?

The Bogey of Fear.

Modern Kings and Queens, who (except in England) go in fear of their lives every time they step beneath a ceremonial striped awning, should hasten to become Christian Scientists, for only in this way, apparently, can they get rid of the burden and agony of Fear. In Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, which is sure to be passionately discussed for the next few weeks in English and American drawing-rooms, the author of “The House of Defence” shows one how to divest oneself entirely of painful apprehension. That this state is natural to us as part of the material world is certain, for animals—even petted and domesticated ones—live in a perpetual state of watchful fear. But that the human intelligence can be, in some instances, so trained as to lose altogether this morbid and timorous propensity seems now possible. Though Mr. Benson pokes fun at one Christian Scientist in his newest volume, he tells us how an American “healer” cured a confirmed laudanum-drinker by himself swallowing half a bottle of the poison, in order to prove that, without fear, you can do anything, and that even deadly drugs will not kill unless you are afraid. Whether Lord Thurso would have been cured of his degrading habit by this extraordinary and spirited display of optimism is a moot point. He might, on the other hand, have promptly turned Christian Scientist, and dosed himself with opium to the end of his life on the hypothesis that, as he was not afraid of it, the drug could do him no harm. But be that as it may, the book, being by the author

of “Dodo,” has its gay as well as its serious side, and is certain to create discussion wherever it lies on a table.

Hoops.

The charm of the hooped skirt for the painter seems eternal, and the immediate triumph of Mr. Campbell Taylor's large picture, “The Rehearsal,” in this year's Academy, would seem to presage a coming revolution in petticoats. These two pensive young ladies, in widely distended Early Victorian skirts of clear white muslin, haunt the imagination,

and make the ultra-modern and modish persons painted in vast hats, bare shoulders, and eel-tight gowns look frankly vulgar and brazen. A hooped skirt, for a painter, provides all the delight of voluminous draperies; who knows if, next year, some daring spirit may not have revived this intensely feminine adjunct to the dress? Moreover, we must remember that whenever the hoop was worn Woman was apt to be triumphant and omnipotent, as witness Queen Elizabeth, the Pompadour, and the ex-Empress Eugénie.

The Much-Abused Bourgeois. The middle classes have been having a

bad time lately—not, of course, in their worldly prosperity, which never was more blatant, but as personages in the human comedy, and especially in their relationship to the “classes” and the “masses.” In England, at any rate, these two latter strata of Society alternately admire and patronise each other; the East Ender patronises the Peerage, and Belgrave Square unfeignedly delights in the Mile End Road. Nothing is more diverting than to

see them together; their accord, their sympathy, is complete; and there seems to be an unbreakable bond between them—their

mutual dislike of the dull, prosperous, virtuous, inartistic middle class. Some aristocratic persons have so innate a dislike to the bourgeois that though they will hobnob and joke with a farm-hand or a stable-boy, they can hardly be civil to the local doctor, and have a headache when the parson's wife



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-about-Town” page.)

comes to pay her call. Again, for the very poor there is no glamour, no tradition, about the middle class, and they hold the capitalist and employer of labour in the smallest esteem. Thus the *épiciér* is left with only his own class to amuse him, and that there is much diversion to be got out of the middle classes (except by its artists, writers, and so on) not even its most strenuous admirers will affirm. This indeed is a parlous state of things, and it is worse in France. If I were a successful French grocer I would not court reprisals by living in a white mansion in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, for in the next Revolution the grocers will be swept away more ruthlessly than were the impassive “aristos” of 1789.

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE Whitsuntide recess is always short, as frequently it is wet. The spirit of the season is in everyone's veins, and the call to resume its feverish pleasures imperative. There is contagion in the air; we all feel it—the necessity for going always to park, party, polo, opera, concert, ball. No one who hopes to be considered in the swim may have any leisure. Most of us wish to be well in the strongest of the social current, and to such, strenuous times have indeed arrived. A regular trousseau is required for the girl or woman of quality, frocks for all kinds of functions, and the addenda to the frocks—no small item in expenses. There is a cult of simplicity this season, if not for the simple life; it is of the studied and expensive order as a rule, and is altogether charming. A short, neat, dainty little muslin gown in rose and white, with a waistband neatly folded of white soft satin brought to a point in front and finished with tiny painted pink-and-white buttons; finished also at the back flatly and neatly with buttons rather larger, and falling down on the skirt in long ends painted with a design of moss-rose clusters, the bodice trimmed with Valenciennes lace and little buttons, sounds and looks very simple, but it proves a dear little gown, in more ways than one.

At the Opera, I see many girls wearing twisted bands of gold or silver tissue round their head, finished somewhere about the left ear, with two tassels falling down on the neck. The action of these tassels would seem to irritate; doubtless, however, this is not so, since their wearers seem quite at home with them. The fashion is a pretty and a graceful one, but will not bear too general adoption. One of the things that make so much for the smartness of the look of our opera and theatre audience is the difference of the coiffure and its adornment. Each woman and every girl seems to go her own way about it, with capital result, especially now that exaggerated methods are being abandoned, and a neat, carefully attended-to coiffure is the latest mode.

The cult of the scarf plays a most important part in dress preparations for the coming campaign. These will mark the difference between dress for out of doors and in. They will also be worn with evening dress. At receptions last week, on the eve of the exit for the recess, I saw some especially handsome specimens. One tall and stately Duchess, with a black-painted chiffon dress, made in adapted Empress style, wore a long gauze scarf of a pale shade of pastel-blue, which proved becoming and graceful. Another lady, who was attired in white chiffon and lace, and had a cluster of pink roses in the bodice of the pretty gown, wore a scarf of white crêpe-de-Chine painted deeply at the ends with long trails of shaded roses. Yet another had her scarf of chené gauze, with a design of violets and lilies-of-the-valley; while a fourth was of the most beautiful delicate embroidery in Eastern style and mixed with gold. The parties were at public galleries, but the scarf is taken to private houses too.

For day wear it seems to take the place of feather boas and tulle neck-ruffles. The becomingness of the latter it cannot hope to rival. These have been popular for many seasons with the Queen, who is far too sensible to discard what is becoming for what is merely fashionable. Her Majesty's daughters and many of the best-dressed women of the Court have also had collections of the daintiest things in these neck ruffles. They are therefore unlikely to disappear from the realms of fashion. Like other things, they are for the few rather than for the many. Exceedingly kind to ladies of slender and elegant figure, they are trying to those who have reluctantly succumbed to the claims of the flesh, which are very

insistent in days when we do nothing for ourselves, not even walk! The scarf, with its long straight lines from neck to hem, is becoming to such as these; therefore it has gained enormously in favour since last summer. I have seen old embroidery appliquéd on chiffon used to make these scarves with good effect. A slight weight of embroidery at the ends is an advantage, since it draws down the folds and does not fly up and into the faces of followers when rude Boreas is abroad.

The wisdom of finding a suitable and individual style and adhering thereto is exemplified every day in this England of ours. As I suggested in a preceding paragraph, we have one exalted example of its success. Another is a young girl with an oval face, creamy complexion, and large, soft dark eyes. Her hair is always parted down the centre, waved naturally down either side, and arranged neatly at the back. If there is any ornament—there seldom is—it may be a rose or two, tucked neatly in, near a shell-like ear. The fashion of the dress is rather like a girl of old Italian nobility—less mediæval than a Juliet, not so modern as a girl of Italy since the independence. The effect is always delightful.



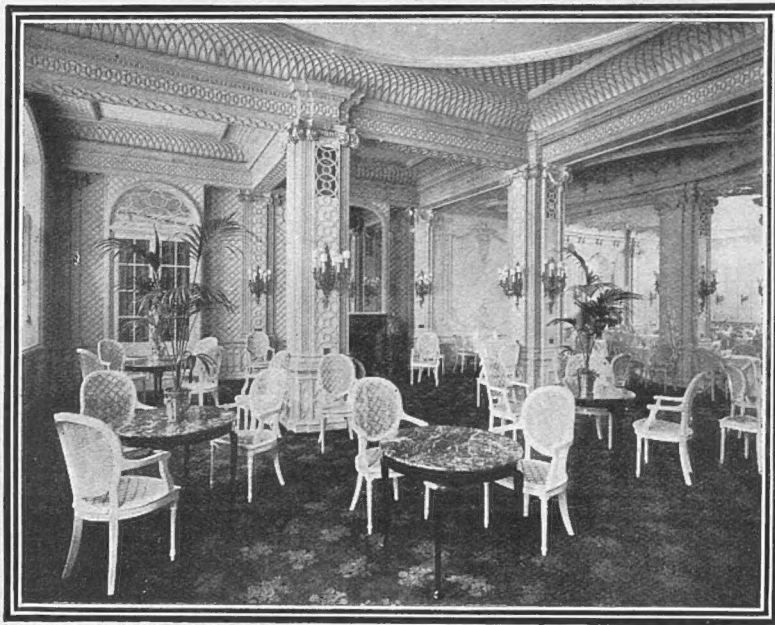
THE GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO PRINCE FUSHIMI
AT THE GUILDHALL.

The casket was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., at their Cheapside house.

commence on June 22, and this year the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company have granted extra facilities for the circular bookings down by boat and up by rail at a very moderate fare.

With the Prince of Wales's exhortation, "Wake up, England!" still ringing in our ears, it is gratifying to be able to record that Messrs. John Brinsmead and Son, Limited, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers, of 18-22, Wigmore Street, London, W., have received a special award of a gold medal at the New Zealand International Exhibition. Altogether, twelve of their pianos are shown, which is the largest and most representative display of any manufacturer. All the pianos have been much admired by the thousands who have visited the Exhibition.

Just now, when everybody is thinking of holidays, it is specially interesting to come across a realistic tableau that transports one immediately to the silver seaside. At the Kodak Company's branch, 40, Strand, there is at the present time a window show of life-size figures disporting on real sand, bestrewn with real seaweed, mussels, etc. The principal figure, in up-to-date seaside attire, is Kodaking a pretty little girl and boy who are playing outside a bathing-tent.



THE REMODELLING OF "THE CURZON" HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, MAYFAIR.

At the corner of Bolton Street and Curzon Street, Piccadilly, in the very heart of Mayfair, and surrounded by the stately private mansions of the English aristocracy, has long stood "The Curzon" Hotel, a small but high-class hostelry. To meet the ever-increasing demands which growing popularity creates, the present proprietor and manager, Mr. Simon Harwath, has, by the acquirement of adjoining property, recently extended the hotel premises, adding thereto not only several private suites of rooms, but a public restaurant, which in architectural design and general equipment will be found worthy to compare with the best and most sumptuous in London or the Continent. The new works have been carried out by Messrs. Waring, under the personal supervision of Mr. Pryor.

tion, without in any way interfering with or affecting the break fittings or gearcase. The Triumph band-brake is another unique feature, as is the Triumph resilient front-fork. The prices of Triumph cycles range from £6 15s. to £16 4s. The Triumph motor-cycle is perhaps the best-known machine in the motor-cycling world. All Triumph machines can be obtained from their agents, who are in most towns of the United Kingdom, at cash prices, or on very easy gradual-payment terms.

The "Bicycle of Distinction" is the name which is being given to the machine made by the Triumph Cycle Company, Limited. One of its chief characteristics is the Triumph eccentric bracket, which is used as a means of adjusting the chain, instead of the draw-bolt method at the fork end. By this means the back portion of the frame and fork-ends are materially strengthened; and not only this, but the chain can be adjusted by one simple operation,

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 28.

JAPANESE BONDS.

THESE treaties that the Japanese are making with other nations are one of the strongest bull points for the bonds that any proprietor could wish. They are removing to a very remote background the possibility of hostilities with adjacent Powers, and thereby permit continually greater freedom to the people's enterprise, industry, and other assets of the nation. There will, we suppose, be a haunting fear of another fresh loan to overshadow the market until the bonds actually appear; but so far as can be seen at present, the necessity for such an issue may be staved off until next year. Anyhow, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, with their own particular security, are cheap and good. The Fours have more hope of advance in price, but do not possess the specific hypothecation which covers the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan. For the yield on the money, and considering the security, the latter-named—either series—is to be reckoned amongst the best investments of its kind obtainable.

VERY MISCELLANEOUS.

Bovril shares have been looking up lately, and we hear that the Company is doing very well. The 7 per cent. Ordinary shares at 20s. 6d., or thereabouts, are quite worth taking up as a speculative investment. So should Schweppe's Deferred be, although we are puzzled to understand why the increased dividend declared last time should have caused the shares to be dull. There appears to be no especial reason for it. The weakness in Cargo Fleets will have surprised nobody who reads our jottings; the Company and its allied concerns are, to our mind, better left alone. Fine Spinners ought to go better. The dividend just declared, making 10 per cent. for the year, is an excellent performance, and at 33s. 6d., cum dividend, the investor might take a few with good hope of realising a profit later. Sewing Cottons are talked better, but we are a little bit doubtful about them now.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"My dear old fellow, to be perfectly candid with you, I'm hanged if I know!" And the broker leaned back in his chair with an air of helpless perplexity. "Everyone comes to us, and asks—"

"What is the real reason for the flatness, eh?"

"That's it. If I have been asked once within the last ten days I've been asked a hundred times! Always the same question."

"Ten times a day," commented Our Stroller, nothing if not matter of fact. "Did you return the same answer each time? Was the ninety-ninth reply the same as the forty-third, say?"

The broker looked at him rather sharply. "Who are you getting at?" he demanded, regardless of grammar.

"I am trying to get at the truth," said Our Stroller meekly; "won't you tell me some of the replies, if you please?"

"You see 'em all in the papers," the broker returned. "Do you want me to catalogue a few?"

"If it's not too much trouble. How do you account for all this depression and flatness?—that's what I really want to know."

"Candidly, so do I. But, just to semi-satisfy you, I should say that some of the reasons (they are all stale ones) may be labelled—"

"'Good trade.'

"'Socialism's advance.'

"'Financial scandals in the United States and in the London boroughs.'

"'Complete lack of confidence.'

"'Depreciation of gilt-edged securities, consequent upon war and extravagance, municipal and otherwise.'

"'Coming demands for money.'

"'Long-drawn-out threats of railway agitation.'

"'Wickedly high income tax.'

"'Liquidation of weak accounts.'

"Thanks!" laughed The Stroller. "That will do to go on with. But the bucket-shops flourish, judging by their rapid increase."

"There are always fools," retorted the broker. "Fast as one set loses its money, there's another ready to take its place."

Our Stroller nodded. "I suppose that's it," he agreed. "Coming into the Street?"

"Yes. I want to have a look at Yankees."

They found a melancholy little group doing nothing as hard as it could

"Is that the Kaffir Market?" asked our friend.

"The ghost of it," was the reply. "Kaffirs are dead as door-nails. Won't revive this year, either, in my opinion."

"What do they say about them in the market?"

"You listen. Hullo, old man! Anything going on?"

"There's no change. Nothing doing, either."

"When will there be?"

The jobber shrugged his shoulders.

"Some of them think the market will buck up this summer, but I can't see, myself, what is going to make us better."

"Why don't you cut this market, if you will excuse a rude question?"

Another shrug of the shoulders. "We always hope for the best, and, of course, one never knows. Besides, I don't care much about the roving business: following business about from one market to another. It isn't quite the thing, d'you think?"

The broker agreed, said "Good-night," and walked away with Our Stroller.

"Is it not etiquette to go from one market to another?" asked the latter.

"I don't know that it's altogether a matter of etiquette," said the broker, "but for a jobber to be always chopping and changing does him very little good in the end. Men get to notice it."

"Sort of poaching on other people's preserves, you think?"

"In a way, yes. But of course it frequently happens that a jobber in one market leaves it for some other."

"And where would you suggest that the Kaffir jobber should emigrate to now?"

"Canada. And take his brokers with him to help on the farm," was the quick response.

"I am not gleaning much in the way of tips this afternoon," grumbled our friend.

His broker was talking to some other men outside New Court door. There is a New Court in Throgmorton Street as well as in St. Swithin's Lane. The name affords the sole point of similarity.

"Canada seems to me a little overdone for the time being," one man remarked. "As part of our financial creed we hold that Canadas will go over 200 and Bays to 150, but it will take longer than some of us expected."

"Would you sell them?" asked the broker.

"Not if they are taken up. Perhaps we are all getting a little too pessimistic, though."

"These markets are enough to give the camel an extra hump, to say nothing of the bulls!"

There was a little chorus of assent.

"I closed my bear in the Railway Market," the broker observed.

"I think the scare has been overdone there," added another.

"Yet you wouldn't advise a client to buy Brums or Westerns now?"

Another broker said he thought Berwicks were the pick of the bunch.

"What are Berwicks?" inquired our friend.

All except his broker regarded him with mild astonishment.

"North-Eastern Consols," the broker explained. "The line is doing awfully well; the dividend increased last time, and if it weren't for a new capital issue in the air—"

"In these markets nothing will rise."

"That is all nonsense." The speaker spoke with some warmth.

"I tell you that the scare has been overdone."

"Not that I believe in any spectacular rise," he confessed. "If the holiday traffics are good—"

"Let's go and help them," suggested his broker to Our Stroller.

"I want some tickets, and we can look in at the Yankee Market on our way back."

"Tell us what line you are going to patronise, and we will buy a bull of the stock to-morrow," promised one of the group as they were leaving.

Friday, May 17, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CANAL.—The bonds now outstanding amount to about 160,000, of 500 francs each. They carry 5 per cent. interest, and are redeemable at par by quarterly drawings, which will extinguish the whole by 1918. The bonds participate in prizes to the extent of £40,000 a year. The interest is not guaranteed, but is safe enough.

LURGAN.—These people charge from 20 to 25 per cent. above the market price of the bonds. If you have a fancy for this sort of thing buy it in the market at lowest price. Any broker will do it for you, or apply to Nathan Keizer, of 29, Threadneedle Street.

P. T. L.—We wrote to you on the 13th inst. as to the Diamond Company.

L. H.—We can only say that your list of mines contains many of the best Kaffirs, Australians, and Miscellaneous mines. If ever we get a revival they will nearly all go better; and as it is, you hardly suffer more than the holders of Consols, Home Rails, and such like things.

S. J. B.—Your letter was answered on the 15th inst.

MISS E. M. T.—Your stocks are absolutely safe as far as income is concerned, and are depressed for reasons too long to state in an answer. Hold on till trade is slack and money cheap again, when you will be able to sell at what you gave; meanwhile, your income will not be affected.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COI.

I fancy Bibiani will win the Whitsuntide Cup at the Manchester Meeting. I like Love Song for the Beaufort Handicap and Sham Fight for the Salford Borough Handicap. For the other events at the meeting I fancy the following: Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, Pendule; John o' Gaunt Plate, Littledale; City Plate, Duegua; Devonshire Plate, Attraction; Red Rose Plate, All Black; Isonomy Plate, Queen's Cup; Derby Handicap, Galeas; Cliff Handicap, Gala; Saturday Plate, Rosebury; Pendleton Plate, Hot Bottle. At Brighton, Zana may win the Portslade Plate; Delarey the Patcham Plate; Honesty the Egremont Plate; and Lucian the Laughton Plate.

ROYAL TRADESMEN.

"THE dignity of trade"—a phrase ascribed to the Kaiser, has become in an incredibly short space of time the watchword of many German Princes belonging to the most exclusive class of Continental aristocracy. It is said that almost every princely house has now at least one prominent member who does not hesitate to canvass orders on behalf of the firm or firms in which he is a partner. Only a couple of months ago an open appeal was addressed by a young German nobleman to his fellow-aristocrats to emancipate themselves from the obsolete idea that it is beneath their dignity to participate in any commercial occupation. He cited a large number of German Princes who are practically royal tradesmen, and called upon German aristocrats in general "to follow these excellent examples and renounce their ludicrous dislike for commerce."

The Kaiser, who has thus set a fashion which has "caught on" with almost incredible rapidity, himself possesses extensive pottery works at Cadinen, in East Prussia, and conducts them with great commercial zeal. Exquisite productions of the imperial factory are sold in the Berlin branch of the business, which is known as the Hohenzollern Stores.

The Emperor thus openly trades under his own name, and, moreover, frequently seizes suitable opportunities to canvass orders. When he notices a likely purchaser of wares from his potteries at Court, or at festive gatherings, he asks him whether he cannot place an order; and if the answer be in the affirmative, the Kaiser, so it is said, draws a pencil from his pocket and scribbles the order on his cuff, clearly taking no pains to conceal the pleasure he has in having done a stroke of business.

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is Heir-Presumptive to the throne of Holland, and possesses equal rank with all the reigning houses in Europe, is an immensely wealthy man,

and carries on innumerable businesses in different parts of the Fatherland. Besides having a million invested in the Imperial Bank, he owns slaughter-houses, and sells his own meat. He also carries on a lucrative trade in candles, boots, hosiery and furniture-cream. One of the largest glass-blowing establishments in Europe belongs to him, and he is at the head of two of Germany's most enterprising publishing houses.

Duke Ulrich of Württemberg deals in cakes and oatmeal, and, in conjunction with Prince Christian Hohenlohe, he manufactures corsets, sold under the name of "Hohenlohe Corsets," which have a vast sale among South German ladies on account of their princely trade-mark.

Prince Max Egon, the head of the princely House of Fürstenberg, owns large breweries, which supply many South German inns with excellent Fürstenberg beer; while Prince Johann Georg of Saxony, a brother of the King, is well known to be behind one of the biggest soap-manufacturing firms in the Fatherland.

The immensely wealthy Prince Charles of Urach conducts a silk factory, the products of which are sold under the trade-mark of his Royal Arms; while Prince

Arnulf of Bavaria owns extensive vineyards, and is proprietor of a brand of German champagne much favoured by the Kaiser for Court functions.

Prince Friedrich of Wied, although a remarkably keen cavalry officer, finds time to direct one of the largest and most paying "delicatessen" factories in the Fatherland.

Prince Leopold IV. of Lippe is quite famous throughout Germany for his new-laid eggs, all of which bear the royal stamp, and he also derives a good income from his lime-kilns, which produce bricks which, in vast numbers, have been used in the construction of recently erected barracks near Berlin.

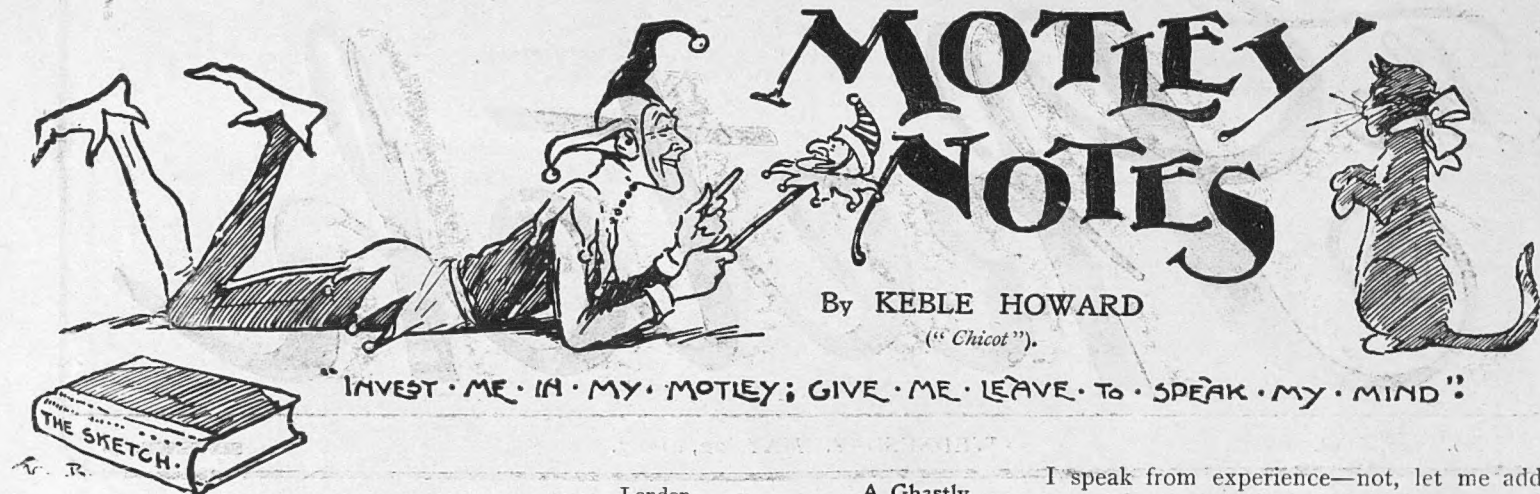
Finally, there is Duke Leopold Friedrich II. of Anhalt, who owns lucrative collieries in Westphalia, and Prince Albrecht of Schaumburg-Lippe, who trades in timber (largely used for sleepers on the Government railways) under his own royal name.



A GREAT SINGER AND A GREAT REPRODUCER OF SONGS: MME. MELBA LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW FACTORY OF THE GRAMOPHONE AND TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LTD., AT HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

The ceremony was quite informal, and Mme. Melba carried out her allotted task with the aid of a gold trowel handed to her by Mr. Trevor Williams, Chairman of the Gramophone Company. Beneath the corner-stone were placed several carefully sealed glass cases. These contained, among other things, plans of the new buildings, current coins of the realm, copies of the leading London newspapers of the day, and four of the famous records of Mme. Melba's singing taken by the Gramophone. After the ceremony Mr. J. W. Taverner, the Agent General for Victoria, read a little speech on behalf of the great singer.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Holiday Friend—Choice of.

Just a word of advice with regard to the choice of your holiday companion. Select the creature with the greatest care. The ideal holiday companion has yet to be born into this imperfect old world, but you may get a passable one if you apply to your friends and acquaintances the process of elimination. Broadly speaking, the qualities to be avoided in a holiday companion are smallness of mind and a thirst for knowledge. Oddly enough, the two generally go together. It is the small-minded man who really believes that he ought to pay a visit to the tombs of the dull departed. You may argue with him; you may point out that one living apple-seller is of infinitely greater interest than a dozen dead prophets; you may be humorous with him; you may slap him on the back and call him "old fellow": the result will be precisely the same in each town that you visit. That small-minded man will sally forth—he is just the kind of man who *would* "sally forth"—guide-book in hand, and leave you to kick up your heels in the hall of the hotel until such time as he chooses to return. When he returns he will be too tired and hungry and peevish to speak. Having lunched, out will come the guide-book once more, and you will see the tail of his wretched little coat disappearing round the corner in the direction of the nearest mausoleum.

The Jaunting Snob.

Beware, too, of the jaunting snob. This is he who, before leaving home, makes a list of the places that his wife's relations expect him to visit. He has no thirst for knowledge, I grant you; but a passionate desire to cover as much ground as possible renders him quite unfit for human companionship. Nothing knows he of the joys of lazing: the pleasure of sleeping in the shade at noon to such an one is a sealed book. "They will be sure to ask me whether I saw —." "Everybody says you ought to go to —." "It would be absurd to come all this way and then go home without having visited —." "I should like to be able to say I have seen —." Such are a few of the creature's horrible formulæ. Shun him, therefore, I beg of you: otherwise you will be miserable until you separate for ever at Charing Cross Station. It is a good plan, on a holiday, to stay where you are until you feel that you have had enough of it. In any case, never be induced to visit city, town, village, or hamlet because your friend's sister-in-law spent her honeymoon there, and is particularly anxious to know whether the door in the centre of the south aisle is still in a suitable state of preservation. You may easily detect the jaunting snob, by the way, for he will be for ever telling you about his previous trips.

The Hobbyist.

You will be extremely ill-advised, again, if you select as your holiday companion a man with a hobby. Even supposing that you cultivate the same hobby yourself, how do you know that you will not tire of it before you have been away a week? One of the advantages of a holiday lies in the fact that it exposes the fatuity of hobbies. What man, having drifted (and over-eaten himself) for three days on the Göta Canal, could ever again take pleasure in any form of exercise? Or what woman, having been lugged across the lakes of Killarney in a small boat with a party of chattering, snap-shotting Americans, could ever again look at an autograph-book without a shudder? Do not expect, therefore, that your hobby will outlive your holiday, but be perfectly certain that the other fellow's will. He will revel in it, morning, noon, and night, until you could take him by the throat and wring the life out of him. And that sort of thing, you know, does not add to the complete rest that a holiday should give. Murdering is tiring work, to say nothing of the bother of hiding the corpse.

A Ghastly Hobby.

I speak from experience—not, let me add in some haste, of murder, but of the man with a hobby. Once upon a time, when I was even younger and more foolish than I am to-day, I was persuaded to go for a holiday with a man whose chief interest in life was the catching of little butterflies. He had discovered, he told me, an idyllic farmhouse on the Cornish coast. We should swim and smoke and cycle and read and go to bed early, and "all that sort of thing." Now and again, perhaps, he might catch a few butterflies. "Now and again"? Listen. At five o'clock each morning I heard him stumbling downstairs. At seven-thirty he would return, very hungry, and clamour for breakfast. The farmer's wife was a hard, sharp thing, and refused to get two breakfasts. I breakfasted, then, at seven-thirty. Whilst the bacon was in the cooking, the butterfly-catcher would uncork his killing-bottle and pore over his grisly "bag." Immediately after breakfast he would again disappear, leaving me to stare at the chickens. Sometimes he would return at twelve-thirty, snatch a little lunch, and hurry out once more at one-thirty, to pursue and slay till nightfall. At other times he would take his lunch with him. In the evening, after supper, he would pin his unfortunate little victims to yards and yards of cork.

List of Hobbyists.

Was that the end of the day? By no means. At ten o'clock he was at it again, smearing all the trees with some treacly composition in order that the moths might stick thereto and await his coming in the morning. This cheery programme went on for a fortnight. The nearest railway-station was fourteen miles distant, there were no books in the farmhouse, and no human beings within a radius of ten miles who understood the English language as usually spoken. The food was bad, the drink was worse, the beds were hard, the farmer and his wife were sulky, and the dog was savage. At the end of the fortnight I returned to London alone, my pockets empty and my health impaired. What became of the butterfly-fiend I have no idea, but I owe him a lesson I can never forget. You may retort that there is no hobby quite so insufferable as butterfly massacre, and you will be right. But, once again, I strongly advise you to avoid, when selecting a companion for your holiday, any person who plays golf; takes photographs; collects stamps, postmarks, autographs, picture-postcards, or the numbers of railway-engines; climbs mountains; fishes; cycles; runs; walks; jumps; knows the stars by their names; hankers after catacombs; writes long letters to relations; or makes fast friends with foolish travelling-companions.

One Last Tip.

Finally, never, never, never be persuaded into going on a holiday with any person whose selfishness amounts to abnormality. We are all selfish, of course, especially when in search of pleasure. But there are degrees. Travel with the abnormally selfish person, and your nature will take on a touch of bitterness that may never be eradicated. It is the little things, as usual, that tell. There will be one comfortable seat in a railway compartment. "Won't you sit there?" you say politely. "Thanks," says the selfish friend, and chuckles to himself at your weakness. During the average holiday of a month this happens thirty to forty times. Then you arrive at a crowded hotel. Two rooms? Ah! A thousand apologies, but there is only one room vacant. It has two beds in it—one large, and one preposterously small. "This is good enough for me," says the selfish man, and he plumps his bag down on the big bed. The fact that he is a foot shorter than yourself does not seem to worry him. The question of excursions will arise. Shall we go to A or to B? "You can do what you like," says the selfish man. "For my part, I'm going to A."

Even the selfish man, however, is preferable to one's own company.